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PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

MODE OF DETERMINING HEIGHTS.

On Thursday, March 6, at the Royal Society, a paper by the Rev. Francis Hyde Wollaston was read, describing a thermometer constructed by him for determining the height of mountains instead of the barometer. It is well known that the temperature at which water boils diminishes as the height of the place increases at which the experiment is made, and this diminution was suggested, first by Fahrenheit, and afterwards by Mr. Cavendish, as a means of determining the height of places above the sea. Mr. Wollaston's thermometer is as sensible as the common mountain barometer. Every degree of Fahrenheit on it occupies an inch in length. The thermometer, together with the lamp and vessel for boiling water, when packed into a case, weighs about a pound and a quarter, and is much more portable and convenient than the common mountain barometer. It is sufficiently sensible to point out the difference in height between the floor and the top of a common table. Mr. Wollaston gave two trials with it, compared with the same heights measured by General Roy by the barometer. The difference between the two results did not exceed two feet.

FOSSIL BONES FOUND AT PLYMOUTH.

On Thursday, February 27, a paper by Sir Everard Home, Bart. was read, giving an account of a number of fossil bones of the rhinoceros found in a lime-stone cavern near Plymouth by Mr. Whitby. Sir Joseph Banks had requested Mr. Whitby, when he went to superintend the Breakwater at present constructing at Plymouth, to inspect all the caverns that should be met with in the lime-stone rocks during the quarrying, and to send him up any fossil bones that might be found. The fossil bones described in this paper occurred in a cavern in a lime-stone rock on the south side of the Catwater. This lime-stone is decidedly transition. The cavern was found after they had quarried 160 feet into the solid rock. It was 45 feet long, and filled with clay, and had no communication whatever with the external surface. The bones were remarkably perfect specimens. They were all decidedly bones of the rhinoceros; but they belonged to three different animals. They consisted of teeth, bones of the spine, of the scapula, of the fore legs, and of the metatarsal bones of the hind legs. They were compared by Sir Everard with the bones of the skeleton of a rhinoceros in the possession of Mr. Brookes, which is considered as belonging to the largest of the species ever seen in England. The fossil bones were mostly of a larger size, though some of them belonged to a smaller animal.

STRENGTH OF LIGNEOUS FIBRE.

From the experiments on the strength of different kinds of wood, made by Colonel

Beaufoy, the pitch pine appears the strongest wood; next to that the English oak with straight and even fibres; then the English oak irregular and cross grained; fourthly, the Riga fir; and fifthly, the Dantzic oak. If the strength of the pitch pine be called 1000, the strength of the English oak will be, from the mean of two experiments, 923. Of the Riga fir, 782. Of the Dantzic oak, 663. Call the mean strength of the English oak 1000; the strength of the Riga fir will be 846; but the weight of the Riga fir is to that of the English oak as 659 to 1000. Therefore the decrease of weight being in greater proportion than the increase of strength, proves that in dry places it is better to use fir beams than oak, independently of the saving of expense.

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

MEDICINE.

PARIS, MARCH 14.—News has been received that Dr. Valli, who had happily passed through his experiments on the plague in the Levant, and who had gone to America to contend with the yellow fever, having gone into a village where this dreadful contagion prevailed, has fallen a victim to the systematic opinion which made him deny its existence.

THE PRETENDED ART OF SOMNAMBULISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

However the friends of science may have reason to rejoice in the daily increasing diffusion of useful knowledge, it cannot but excite in an equal degree our surprise and regret to see so evident a tendency in the present age towards a relapse into a childish credulity, almost too ridiculous to inspire pity, and too contemptible even to merit the name of superstition. You perceive that I do not here allude to the more serious circumstances of the revival of the Inquisition, the re-establishment of the Jesuits, the anathemas denounced against the diffusion of the Bible, and other glaring proofs of the unabated intolerance and unsubdued insolence of the Roman Church. I speak of the attention paid to the revived absurdities of animal magnetism, mesmerism, and somnambulism, of the prophesying peasants of Germany and other "signs of the times," differing from each other only in degrees of absurdity. As an illustration and justification of these remarks, I take the liberty of sending you the following article.

The city of Mentz has within its walls a physician, who with the most sturdy faith, repeats the experiments on somnambulism, described by Dr. Pételin of Lyons.

The following are some details of one of these experiments, which will show how far human extravagance may proceed without getting to Bedlam.

A lady of Mentz returning from a ball, quarrels with her husband and falls into convulsions. They send for Dr. Renard, who

finds her in a complete fainting fit: he halloo in her ears; she does not hear: he passes a lighted taper before her eyes; the pupil does not contract. Lastly, he even goes so far as to prick her flesh with needles; she is insensible to all this.

Dr. Renard has then no longer any doubt but that all the sensibility of this lady has taken refuge in the stomach, which, according to the believers, is the seat of intelligence, the universal sense. It is therefore to the stomach that he applies: he stoops, and without speaking very loudly, puts several questions to this stomach, to which the lady replies admirably. The miracle being thus produced, nothing remains but to find witnesses who by their character may command confidence, and cause the truth of the fact to triumph. Three neighbours are called in: it is remarkable that one of them was a drawer of teeth.

Dr. Renard re-commences his experiments: they still succeed. Only the patient now answers only by signs and with the left hand to the questions which are put to her. The Doctor does not stop here: he forms a chain of several persons, the first of whom places his finger on the wonderful stomach. He begins, with the finger of the last person a little conversation, which is transmitted into the stomach of the patient, who answers (*still by signs and with the left hand*). Better and better still: he takes a piece of pack thread twenty feet long; wets it; causes one end of it to be held on the *epigastrium* of the *Sonnambule*; throws the other end out of the window which he shuts; after which Dr. Renard goes down into the court yard, takes the pack thread, holds it to his mouth, and addresses questions to it which the patient answers (*by signs and with the left hand*). It is affirmed that a German painter has seized on this happy moment to draw the Doctor's picture.

THE PRETENDED ART OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

True science requires neither quackery nor puffing: empiricism on the contrary cannot obtain even its transient success without the aid of these necessary acolyths. Struck with the mysterious gesticulations which magnetizers employ to communicate to the patient what they term the *magnetic fluid*, Madame T— set about imitating them, and without any other assistance than that of a faithful memory, she succeeded in throwing a young woman into a profound sleep. This operation was performed in the presence of witnesses whose veracity cannot be called in question. The subject on whom these magnetic experiments were made, answered several questions which were put to her. Finally, Madame T— has proved herself no less skilful than the most expert of her order. Dr. Faria was informed of this circumstance. Great disappointment and consequently great irritation ensued. To be

equalled by a woman possessing no medical knowledge, and who had not been previously initiated in the mysteries of mesmerism was not to be endured. Madame T—— was forbidden to repeat such an operation, the success of which it was alleged could be attributed only to weakness of imagination in the subject. Tricks of this kind, it was said, might occasion violent convulsions, and even endanger her life. The Doctor was not satisfied with this order, and fearing that it might be infringed, he took under his own care the person who had been put to sleep. He made various gesticulations, which he said would act as a counter-poison, and declared that all future attempts to repeat the operation would prove useless. Who would have supposed that the science of the celebrated supporter of the doctrine of Mesmer consisted only in mummery, and that his preservative was nothing but pure imposition? This is however the fact. To the despair of all patentee *magnetizers*, the young girl was put to sleep a second time by Madame T——; she had no convulsions, but shame ought to have produced them on Dr. Faria, whose enchantments thus proved powerless.

ON THE DEFECTS OF GLASS.

A very curious and useful result from the operations of science is promulgated by Dr. Brewster, in a recent communication to the Royal Society. After an explanation of the polarization of light by plates of glass, he says—"All articles made of glass, whether they are intended for scientific or domestic purposes, should be carefully examined by polarized light before they are purchased. Any irregularity in the annealing, or any imperfections analogous to what workmen call *pins* in pieces of steel, will thus be rendered visible to the eye, by their action upon light. The places marked out by these imperfections are those where the glass almost always breaks when unequally heated, or when exposed to a slight blow. Hence glass-cutters would find it of advantage to submit the glass to this examination before it undergoes the operations of grinding and polishing.

POLITE LITERATURE.

ON THE NATURE OF LORD BYRON'S POETRY.

Sir, BEFORE I enter upon a critical examination of other poets, I shall devote another paper to Lord Byron, as I have not yet exhausted the subject. His best works, in my opinion, are his *Corsair* and his *Lara*, because they comprise more strength of conception, and, at times, more correctness of language, than any of the rest. They prove, too, that the heroic couplet is this author's forte; and as it is also the metre, in which weak writers are sure to fail, his success must at least exclude him from that class. And yet, I can scarcely say, that even in these works, he shews himself a whit more correct than the "slovenly Dryden." His "ten low words oft

creep in one dull line," and sometimes in four lines together. There is likewise a fault very frequent in his narrative—the change of tense from the past to the present. I have a passage before me where there are five changes in eleven lines; the following is a shorter instance.

—“They seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch,
A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye.”

CORSAIR.

Another ungraceful mode of diction his *Lordship* possesses in common with almost all our writers, particularly of prose. It is the too frequent recurrence of the same prepositions, where they are not used in corresponding members of a sentence. I shall explain my meaning better by an example—

“Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew.”

CORSAIR.

Here the first *to* marks the infinitive mood, and the second the dative case. In a language like our own, where terminations are so seldom allowed, those feeble substitutes, *to*, *with*, *by*, *from*, &c. should, at least, be prevented, as far as possible, from acting different parts in the same line.

I could mention innumerable instances where other inattentions to composition either obscure or deface his poetry. Illegitimate rhymes, such as *sent* and *instrument*—*brow* and *glow*—*bring* and *banqueting*—besides the recurrence of the same rhyme at the distance of only one or two couplets. To the same cause, I am sure, may be attributed several redundancies, such as “*bows his bent head*,”—for if it be bowed, it must be bent—several absurdities, such as—“in *icy smoothness flowed*—for ice cannot be said to flow—and several mean phrases, such as, “that fair *she*,” and “what *ails* thee?”

The licence of using long syllables, where the measure does not admit of them, is very tempting to a hasty writer, and accordingly Lord Byron indulges in it beyond all reason. For instance, “The accents his scarce moving *pale* lips spoke.” “But like that cold *ware* it stood still.” “And dull the film along his dim *eye* grew.” such awkward accentuations always give an idea either of a forced style or of metrical inability.

Again, what can be more ungainly than such a line as this?

“In sooth—its truth must others rue.”

and one would think if the author had ever read the following line twice:

“All that can *eye* or *sense* delight.”

his ear must have taught him, that had he written it thus,

“All that can *sense* or *eye* delight,”

he would have prevented the feeble effect of the open vowels, and have also added to the melody by the contiguous repetition of the vowel *i*. For one great charm of harmonious versification arises from alliteration by vowels. It has infinitely more delicacy and grace than alliteration by consonants. I do not remember that any writer of criticism has ever alluded to it, but all those who are remarkable for harmony have practised it. It was one of the secrets of Virgil's music; and since I have mentioned him, I will instance a line which shows how much he felt its elegance,

“*Damonis musam dicemus et Alpheisiboei.*”

Had he transposed it, as the metre would have permitted, thus,

“*Dicemus musam Damonis et Alpheisiboei,*”

the melody would have been lost. Such transposition, too, would have accorded better with a former line, of which that quoted is almost a repetition, namely,

“*Pastorum musam Damonis et Alpheisiboei.*”

Therefore the alteration, which for any other purpose was quite unnecessary, proves how much he studied this mode of melodizing his metres. Lord Byron has used it to an extravagant extent in the following line:

“And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed.”

There is one improvement, however, visible in the latter productions of his *Lordship*—the omission of antiquated phraseology. He has even discarded it in his last Canto of the *Childe Harold*, though the former were full of it. Almost the only dead words or phrases I can recollect in his *Corsair* and *Lara*, are, “there *be* murmurs,” “there *be* things,” and “there *be* faces.” These expressions, indeed, be true Yorkshire. Why he is so fond of calling a physician a leech, I cannot possibly discover.

His *Siege of Corinth* contains some most magnificent passages, sadly disfigured, however, by changes of measure. It is an outrageous Pindaric; and in one page of it may be found a specimen of every known metre,—from the Lilliputian Ode, to “There was an old Cobler.” Who that reads these lines,

“And the mournful sound of the barbarous

horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,” &c.

but must call to mind,

“That tumbled the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog quite over the corn,” &c.

All these, I confess, are but small blots; and yet they occur so frequently, as to create a perpetual recoil of taste. In fact, I know numbers, (and I was my-

self one of them,) who could not bring themselves to read beyond a few pages, in consequence of their unattractive style; neither was it till very lately, that, impelled by the praises which I heard on every side, and from the best judges, I resolutely set about examining those works as a task. Here, indeed, I could perceive, through all their ungracefulness, those rich mines of thought and feeling, which appear almost inexhaustible. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than this passage from the *Childe*?

"Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed with the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts."

The last picture I prefer far beyond the celebrated,

"Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos," because it is more interesting in its nature, and more intensely pathetic.

The following is quite new, and terribly characteristic of such a man as Lara:

"That smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer,
That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by;
Nor e'er could trace its laughter to his eye."

And as a picture of nature, nothing can be more sublime than this single stroke, in the description of a stormy night:

"From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder!"

But I might quote his beauties without number. It is more my object to show his faults, in the hope that he may hereafter avoid them; or for the sake of others, who are his imitators, without having half his talents. Let it be remembered, that a faulty, but superior writer, has the sins of a whole host to answer for. Minor wifings, who cannot imbibe his genius, adopt his manner; and though they are unable to make common cause with his excellencies, are, at least, fully adequate to support him with a kindred troop of defects. B.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING, by JOHN SCOTT.

WE hesitated at first, whether we should not pass this poem over in respectful silence. The reality of its sorrow, and the melancholy cause of it, would naturally incline the critic to shrink from so delicate a task. But, as he who lays his production before the public, must, by that act, have submitted it to the public tribunal, we see no sufficient ground for withholding, what the author might himself have denied us an opportunity to give.

Perhaps the personal nature of this poem may account both for its peculiar faults and its peculiar beauties. A fond father, lamenting the fate of an only child, would naturally dwell upon its little ways, with a minuteness and almost infantine lamentation, which would not always dispose the cold observer to correspondent sympathy. But then, his grief would always be true to nature; no overstrained plainings, no fancied calamities, no Damon-like prettinesses, would disgust; and, amidst all, the heart would often find itself struck on its softest and sweetest key.

Mr. Scott then, we think, has exhibited a production, which, as containing a most heterogeneous mixture of bad taste, and great genius, is almost unparalleled in our language. When we had read one page of beauty, we could scarcely bring ourselves to believe, that the same author wrote the next page of deformity. He has, in short, exceeded Lord Byron in his negligences; and, we do not hesitate to say, approached pretty close to him in his beauties. But he owes most of his peccadillos to the paddling and dabbling Lake-school. We shall quote, as copiously as our pages will admit, the most prominent features of his production. The following are samples of false simplicity and uncouth versification:

"These are not words of course:
Those who knew him will know their force."
"The parental heart, unlike that foundering sorrow."
"From the idea that he would lie a corpse."
"The hubbub of the bursting-in affections!"

These, we believe, are quite sufficient to show how egregiously Mr. Scott can fail. We shall be more profuse of instances to show how delightfully he can succeed. The endearing manners of the lost child are described with much tenderness:

"His round and restless hands, that warmed and slid
In our's; his feet still running where we bid."
"While we sit dully round our fire-side lamp,
Ah! he'd have edged himself a place,
To let it shine upon his happy face."
"He was a presence never out of sight,
First object in the morning. Last at night;
Our fellow-traveller when from home we went,
On every little service he was sent:
And ever round our ways his eyes would hover,
Like watching cherub or like anxious lover,
Excuse for busy doings to discover."
"When our looks darkened, and he saw us tried,
Closer than usual to his mother's side
He quietly would creep, and there would wait;
Watching with meek and patient looks the while,
When he might break the cloud with sunny smile;
Nor e'er was tired, although the time came late:
Nor e'er attempted he the change too soon,
But at the very moment, out he burst like noon."

The mode of his death is prettily typified:

"Life rippled as it left the shore it knew,
And the surge roughened as the wave withdrew."

The following passages, which are of a more general nature, breathe a fine and manly strain:

"Death hath a regal look, it lies in state,
Its quietness is that of sovereign power;
'Tis placid in the certainty of fate,
And noble, for it holds not of the hour.
A guarding mystery its couch surrounds,
As though it rested far beyond our bounds."
"And chiefly is the view of death sublime,
When it hath made a youthful form its throne;
It shines then as in triumph over time,
And unwon beauty then is all its own."

The last quotation we shall make, reminds us of some reflections in the *Corsair*, beginning at line 933. "There is a war," &c.

"The heavy hours of unrewarded toil,
The irksome callings of a common day,
The sudden meetings that abruptly foil
The anxious striver in the crowded way;
The sharp recoil of fancies overcharged,
When in the setting light we see the truth;
Th' amazed 'wakening of the man enlarged,
From all the dreaming fondness of his youth;
The playing to a friend a double part,
Babbling of confidence, afraid to tell,—
The change to silence and a sinking heart,
From social hours when mingling bosoms swell;
And (oh the misery!) hopeless to discern,
A dreary road before the feet we guide;
To mark the eye of love, with sudden turn,
Drop the full tear upon the dark fire-side."

We conclude with expressing our sincere hope that Mr. Scott will favor us with other productions—provided always—that he will attend to the friendly advice we have just given him, and especially discard the sillinesses of the Lake school.

THE COMFORTS OF OLD AGE, with Biographical Illustrations. By SIR THOMAS BERNARD, BART. 12mo.

THIS work is in the form of a dialogue between Bishop Hough, the President of Magdalen College in the reign of James the Second; Bishop Gibson, who was at that time Bishop of London; and Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton. It is written with much elegance of style, and justness of thought; and though we cannot exactly rank it, so far as regards composition, with Cicero's dialogues on the same plan, yet owing to the improved state of morals and religion since his era, it possesses advantages, in point of doctrine, which the heathen philosopher and orator, even with all his precursive Christianity, could not attain.

The period at which this dialogue is supposed to have occurred, has been well chosen, because it is sufficiently modern for the purposes of historical and theological allusions, adapted to the present day, and yet so far remote as to invest these allusions with due delicacy and dignity. The *Dramatis Personæ* themselves are well selected and sustained. They appear before us in all the respectability of the episcopal character, without the official solemnity of the lawn. And yet we could have wished that these good divines had expatiated somewhat more diffusely upon some religious topics which they have only touched in a superficial way. The sectaries, for instance, the question of emancipation, and the light which our clergy have thrown upon revelation; might well have admitted of much more discussion, without running into anachronism. As for the sectaries, we are ourselves inclined to think, that they do more service than mischief to the community, inasmuch as fanaticism is an antidote against the more fatal evils of indifference and infidelity. But we cannot agree with Bishop Hough, that though, by extending their influence over the kingdom, they threaten the subversion of the establishment, we have no just cause for anxiety. "For if it be of man," he says, "it will come to nought; but if it be of God, we cannot overthrow it, nor need we fear evil from it."

This is a dangerous and apothetical creed, and directly at variance with the tenor of the Bishop's whole character and life. "If it be of man," God may not permit it to "come to nought," unless we ourselves are zealous in his cause; and "if it be of God," we may "overthrow it" by the will of that Providence who, perhaps, had permitted it for the purpose of encreasing our enthusiasm and enlightening our ideas, by our endeavours at its subversion. Had the Bishop's doctrine been always acted upon, he had himself been a Catholic instead of a zealous opposer of popery.

In truth it is one of the discomforts of old age, that those under its influence are more bigotted to prejudices, than younger men: and we rather imagine, that the bishops, both Catholic and Protestant, at this moment form the principal obstacles against the amicable adjustment of the pending question of emancipation. At all events, we are clear, that objections are raised, throughout the community in general, chiefly by those who feel themselves privileged to talk of "the good old times." Antiquity, no doubt, is venerable; and if life be in itself a blessing, age must be a blessing too. But if age shall lessen our horror of uncharitable animosities, and blunt our sensibility to the supplications of our fellow men; if, furnishing us with prudence and self-love, it shall rob us of generosity and social feeling; then should the old man make it the last effort of departing magnanimity to pray, that age too might shorten, by its bodily calamities, the curse which it had inflicted on his understanding and his heart.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Among the works lately published in France, which have a particular interest for the English reader, we may mention an octavo volume of little more than 200 pages, entitled "The Plot of Arnold and Sir Henry Clinton against the United States of America, and against General Washington, in September, 1780." Though the United States have been independent now for above thirty years, many of the details, both civil and military, of that memorable revolution, are not known with sufficient precision. Even the defection of Arnold is but vaguely related in the memoirs of those times, not excepting the voluminous Life of Washington, by Mr. J. Marshall. This volume, though published after so long an interval, is the more deserving of attention, because it is written by a nobleman of high character, who had the best means of obtaining authentic information. The author, though he has not affixed his name, is known to be Count Barbé Marbois, Peer of France, who was Secretary to the French Legation in the United States, in the latter years of the war. To the volume is prefixed a preliminary discourse on the United States; and notes, some of which are highly interesting, are annexed to it. Though many readers will probably think the author too partial to the Americans, the work will be read with deep interest by all who presage the important results, even now dimly seen through the veil of futurity, which must be developed in

the further progress of this rising and ambitious republic.

PUBLICATIONS

OF FRENCH TRAVELLERS IN ENGLAND.

We will here just introduce to the notice of our readers, some late publications of French visitors to our island.

A Mr. M—— published, a few months back, a volume which he called "A fortnight in London at the end of 1815." This little volume is amusing enough: though the author, in so short a time, had naturally no opportunity of making any very profound observations, he seems at least not to be wilfully partial. This little work having been very well received, we find he has just published a sequel under the title of "Six Months at London, in 1816." We have not yet seen this publication, but we extract from a French journal the following critique of it. "This work has amused me extremely; it is a series of pictures, or rather of croquis after nature, in which the author, as an accurate and impartial observer, traces the manners, the customs, the singularities of the capital of England: he praises without exaggeration, criticises without bitterness, judges without passion, and paints with fidelity. I recommend the chapters entitled "Valentine Eve"—"Fine Arts"—"Fête of the Chimney Sweepers"—"Lloyd's Coffee House"—"A quinze Shillings ma Femme," &c. &c. It is to be wished that the author to whom we are already indebted for the "Fortnight at London," may continue his work and complete the interesting gallery which he has begun."

A more considerable work is the "Journey of a Frenchman to London in 1810 and 1811. 2 vols. 8vo. which though prior in point of time, seems not to have been much longer published than the others. From this we shall make some extracts.

"The author landed at Falmouth, from New York, in December, 1809. 'The villages through which we passed,' says he, 'were neither handsome, nor picturesque in their situation. The houses bear the stamp of poverty. Every thing is old and worn out; but the windows are clean and good, and one seldom sees an old hat or a bundle of rags applied to stop a broken pane, as is frequently the case in America, where they indeed build houses, but never repair them. The inhabitants look healthy and are well clothed, but they are rather slender than robust, and the female sex looks in proportion stronger than the male.'

"At the end of a dirty street, we suddenly found ourselves before a great building, which I presumed to be St. Paul's. I got out of the coach to view it. Though I had seen many prints of St. Paul's, the sight of it surprised me. I had imagined this edifice heavier, and of greater extent: but I have never seen any more noble, more rich, more simply grand, and of finer proportions, than I found here. Unhappily the whole temple is, as it were, veiled in rows of houses."

"One can traverse the whole of London, and always know where one is, by means of the main streets. It is far more easy to find one's way in London than in Paris, where there are no such clues, unless we take the

Seine, which divides Paris into two more equal parts than the Thames does London. For the rest, a stranger who enquires his way, is put to rights by the Londoners with as much civility and politeness as in Paris. I never applied to any one, whether tradesmen in their shops, or porters and carmen in the streets, without receiving a civil answer, and all the information they could give me."

The author also attended the House of Commons, of which he gives a print. The effect of the cry: "hear! hear!" seems to have surprised him very much. "The newspapers often speak of it, but," says he, "I found that I had not conceived a right idea of it. One or two voices first call, quite modestly, hear! hear! others join; and this goes on crescendo, till at length a universal cry fills the hall, resembling the cries of a flock of frightened geese!!! Now it abates, now swells again, rises and falls, according as the orator has said any thing piquant, good, or bad. Considering the gloomy and taciturn character of this nation, one might imagine that the natural gravity, generally thought so essential to every legislative assembly, must be particularly remarkable in the British Senate. Far from it! this is the merriest assembly I have ever seen. The members seem to be on the watch for an opportunity for a joke, and if they can introduce one into the most serious deliberation the effect is only the greater." The author was curious to see Strawberry Hill. "I knew," says he, "that Walpole had a passionate attachment to antiquities of every kind, particularly painted windows, old ornaments, &c.: he had even ridiculed this taste in himself, but I did not believe that he had done this with so much reason. The building is a handsome Gothic castle, but not durably built: the windows, shining with all the colours of the rainbow, resemble a harlequin's jacket: little narrow passages, lead through small low doors into truly miniature apartments. I saw hanging against a wall, the mail shirt of Francis I. which is mentioned in Mad. du Defand's letters. There are some interesting portraits e. g. of his admired Mad. de Sevigné, Mad. de Grignan, and La Fayette. On the table is the inkstand of Mad. de Sevigné. A rich source of recollection and meditation! The rapid all destroying march of time, has removed Walpole, Mad. du Defand, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the whole society of which the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul were the soul, to such a distance from us, that this period already loses itself in the age of Louis XIV. and blends with the manners which Madame de Sevigné has portrayed."

POETRY.

BARON DE BERGAMO.

Does any one amongst ye know
The mighty man or Bergamo?
Can any one describe the line
Of this great Knight of Caroline?
Some say the hero late has been
The courier of a King or Queen,
And, that his only pride and boast
Was riding for the ladies post.
Others make Harlequin his part,
Hero of pantomimic art,
Whom next they'll make a Columbine,
'Twould not be easy to divine.

TO THE MEMORY OF SOPHIA.

1
No more, ye bow'r's! I seek your cool retreat;
No more on Philomela's strain I dwell.
No more, O Naiad! do my wandering feet
Delight to linger near thy crystal cell.

2
For, oh ye beauteous scene! though swift-wing'd Time,
With wasting hand, has made no change in you;
Though still ye flourish in your richest prime,
And see each spring bestow a lovelier hue;

3
Yet with far other eyes I view your charms,
Far other thoughts your once-loved haunts inspire
Since that dread day, when in these hapless arms,
I saw Sophia's faded form expire.

4
Moment of horror! when the hand of death,
In night eternal, quench'd her eyes' soft flame;
When her dear lips, with their last fleeting breath,
In trembling accents sigh'd her Henry's name,

5
Then in my sight all nature seem'd to fade;
Each beauteous scene was veil'd in midnight gloom,
And nought appear'd, save yon deep cypress shade,
That low'ring bends above Sophia's tomb. H. E. L.

FINE ARTS.

KING'S THEATRE—ITALIAN OPERA.
MOZART'S DON JUAN.

Mozart's grand serious Opera *Il Don Giovanni*, (Don Juan,) or *Il Dissoluto punito*, (The Libertine Destroyed,) is announced for Tuesday next, the 8th instant, and the grand rehearsal has already taken place.—Conceiving that a few historical and critical particulars relating to this Opera will be acceptable to our readers, previously to the representation, we dedicate to this purpose the space left at our disposal by the interruption in all theatrical performances during this week.

This Opera is, by many good judges, considered as Mozart's masterpiece: for ourselves, we do not feel bold enough to join in that verdict of absolute pre-eminence. Mozart himself would probably have hesitated in pronouncing such a sentence. Ask the connoisseurs in painting which is Raffaele's best picture, and few will be found to agree in this answer.

That the Opera of Don Juan is not surpassed by any other work of its author, we readily admit: it is an effort of transcendent musical genius which will command the admiration and astonishment of ages to come. Without entering into a critical analysis of its score, we shall content ourselves with pointing out a few features of peculiar interest in this composition.

The manner in which Shakspeare has introduced the ghost of Hamlet's father, forms, in our opinion, a leading beauty in that Drama. The operations of genius, under similar circumstances, will ever produce similar effects; hence Mozart appears to have acted under the like genial inspiration, in his treatment of the

spectral scenes in Don Juan. The musical accents of the phantom, while on horseback, present harmonic combinations, never heard before, its sepulchral sounds thrill awful horror through our frame; we hear a supernatural being speak supernaturally; we recollect the mournful and feeble groans of Homer's shades. But what is our astonishment, when, on looking at the score, we find that one and the same note under various original harmonies, has produced this surprising effect. In the Finale of the second act, the Spectre more properly forms one of the dramatic personæ; and here, above every thing, the skill and genius of the composer baffles all conception: it speaks throughout a language totally different from the rest of the characters. How originally sublime is not the passage set, where the ghost, refusing Don Juan's wanton invitation to join the repast, utters the words—*Non si pasci di cibo mortale, chi si pasce di cibo celeste*, (No mortal viands for him that lives on heavenly food.)

The finale of the first act in our opinion leaves far behind every other composition of the same kind; not excepting Mozart's own works; the varied character and style of its successive movements, the admirable skill with which these are linked upon each other, the inexhaustible store of ideas, sublime and comic, and above all the richness and originality of the instrumental accompaniments will never perhaps be equalled. This finale, moreover, is remarkable, on account of a peculiar whim of Mozart's, a *concerto*, which we should condemn, were it not that the particular occasion which suggested the idea, completely justified its execution. The libertine gives a ball, all the performers are on the stage, all dance and sing at the same time; only one party dances a minuet, while another waltzes, and a third groupe skips a country dance. One and the same Theme or musical subject is made to serve this threefold object: that is to say: the same melody is *simultaneously* cast into $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ time, and the orchestra, which with that view subdivides itself into three distinct bands, executes this threefold task at the same time. But such is the consummate art with which this original idea has been put in practice, that far from producing any thing bordering on a "Dutch Medley," the *tout ensemble* of this tripartite score blends itself into such perfect harmony, that it requires more than a common ear, to perceive the artifice and science which lurk as it were under this unique and original compositorial manœuvre. That

it requires no small degree of skill on the part of the vocal and instrumental performers to execute all this may be easily supposed! and hence it is that on many theatres on the continent this peculiar specimen of Mozart's talent is omitted in the opera.

A word or two more on the subject of the Overture. Our readers will scarcely credit our assertion, when we inform them, that this original composition, which is on all hands admitted to be a masterpiece of genius and science, was begun and finished in *one* night. Mozart wrote the Opera of Don Juan for the Theatre at Prague, (1787.) The songs, finales, in short all the vocal pieces of the work had been finished, studied by the singers, and rehearsed; nay, the last grand rehearsal took place, without the Overture being even begun by the composer, although the public performance was fixed for the next day. Mozart's friends, his wife, and above all the Manager, were in a state of alarm, easily to be conceived, they represented to him the ruinous consequences, to the Theatre as well as to himself, which must result from an eventual disappointment, and conjured him not to blast his greatest work by so wanton a procrastination.—"I shall write the Overture this afternoon; I have it all in my head," was the answer given to them. The afternoon came; but Mozart, seduced by the fineness of the weather, took a trip into the country, and made merry, returned in the evening, and sat down—to a bowl of punch with some friends, who trembled at the idea of his situation. It was midnight before he left this jovial party in a state so little calculated for mental exertion, that he determined to lie down for an hour, at the same time charging Mrs. Mozart to call him at the expiration of that time. The fond wife, seeing him in the sweetest slumber, and conscious of his power, suffered him to lie *two* hours, called him up, made a bowl of punch, his favorite beverage, put pen, ink and staves before him, sat down by his side, and while filling the glass, entertained the composer with a number of laughable stories, in the telling of which she possessed a peculiar talent. Mozart listened with the greatest glee, and laughed till the tears trickled down his eyes. All at once the divine spark within him brightened into radiant flame, he felt "full of the God," and exclaimed, "Now is the time, Constantia; now we are in trim for it." Showers of crotchets and quavers now gushed from the rapid pen. At times, however, and in the midst of writing, nature would assert her sway, and

cause the composer to relapse into a nod or two. To these, it is generally pretended, the following leading passage in the Overture, turned, repeated and modulated into a hundred varied shapes, owed its origin.



The somnolent fits, however, soon gave way to the cheerful converse of Constantia, and the excellent punch which formed its accompaniment. The Overture was completed before breakfast, and the copyists scarcely had time to write out the score. A rehearsal being thus out of the question, the orchestra played it at the public representation in the evening without previous trial, and it is no small eulogium on their talents to add, that the execution electrified the audience, who with thunders of applause called for a repetition.

MUSIC.

HISTORY OF MOZART'S REQUIEM.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Mr. Editor, As Mozart's Requiem has met with universal applause in one of the late Oratorios, a few historical particulars respecting this masterpiece of music may be of sufficient interest to find a place in your LITERARY GAZETTE.

You need not doubt the authenticity of the inclosed anecdotes. The source whence I derived them, is *Leben des Kapellmeister's W. G. Mozart, aus originalquellen beschrieben von f. Niemtschek*, 4to. Prag. 1798, (pag. 31—35.) which, I think, is the best and most authentic Biography of this great composer. I remain, &c. A.

The history of Mozart's last masterpiece, his unequalled Requiem, is as mysterious as remarkable. A short time before the Emperor Leopold's coronation at Prague, as King of Bohemia, Mozart one evening received an anonymous letter by an unknown messenger, which, besides many flattering expressions, contained the question, whether he would engage in composing a mass for the dead, for what remuneration, and in what time? Mozart, who never used to engage in any thing without the consent of his wife, communicated immediately the letter to her, and manifesting his wish to try his genius for once in this kind of composition, they easily agreed, that he should undertake the composition of the Requiem. He therefore answered by the unknown messenger, that he was

willing to compose a Requiem, fixing a remuneration, but not the time, in which he would engage to finish it. A few days after, the same messenger returned, delivered the agreed-for remuneration, with the remark, that having been so very moderate in his demand, he might be assured, that as soon as he had finished it, he should receive a farther remuneration of double that sum: as to the time, it was entirely left to his own pleasure.

In the mean time, Mozart received the honorable and lucrative commission to compose an Opera Seria for the Emperor's coronation at Prague, which, as Mozart had a great predilection for the Bohemians, he eagerly accepted. Just as he was in the act of stepping into his post-chaise with his wife, in order to go to Prague, the unknown messenger presented himself, and tapping him courteously on the shoulder, asked him—how it would be with the Requiem under the present circumstances? Mozart explained to him the urgency of this present journey, assuring him at the same time, that after his return the Requiem should be his first occupation. With this answer the messenger went away quite satisfied. It was at Prague that Mozart first began to feel the disease, which in little more than a year afterwards deprived the world of the greatest composer who ever existed: his colour was very pale; but his spirits were as lively and entertaining as ever. On his return to Vienna, he began immediately his Requiem, and worked with great interest and attention: but the state of his health continuing to decline, he was seized with a great dejection of spirits, and even began to think that his death was not very distant. One day as he was taking an airing with his wife in the Prater, he was overpowered by his melancholy presentiments:—"I feel," said he, "that I must die; and have only a short time left to live: I am sure they have given poison to me: I am almost convinced of it!" This was indeed a suspicion, which Mozart entertained even till his death. It is true, that he had many and some very dangerous enemies, chiefly amongst the Italian composers and artists, who before his time had been the only admiration of the public, and who now were scarcely observed by the side of this luminous prodigy in music. The envy and hate of these miscreants went so far, that when his incomparable Opera *le Nozze di Figaro* was first represented at the Italian Opera-House at Vienna, the principal performers endeavoured, by purposely singing false notes, to spoil the effect of the finest airs, and consequently

of the whole Opera. Mozart, in despair at seeing his productions so shamefully disfigured, burst into the box of the Emperor, who was present himself, and complained of the vile trick played to him; upon which his Majesty sent a serious message to the singers, reminding them of their duty, and threatening them with his disgrace; and it was only by that means that was saved the reputation of this fine Opera, which ever since has proved a favorite with the musical world.

But to return to our Requiem; Mozart continued with his usual love of his profession, to work on the composition of it, often repeating: "I fear, I fear I am writing my own Requiem;" and his affectionate wife, seeing his melancholy state of mind returning, thought it necessary to apply for medical advice, and actually took from him the composition of the Requiem, which she looked at as the cause of his depression. She had, indeed, soon the satisfaction to see him recovering: but alas! the joy was of short duration, and soon he relapsed into his old disease, which in a few weeks proved his death. Mozart was resigned to his fate, but could not help sometimes lamenting, that being just on the point to enjoy tranquilly his life and his art, he was obliged to leave both. On the very day of his death, he asked for his Requiem, remarked that his prediction had been true, and wished to hear some parts performed at his bed-side: this wish was complied with; he had the satisfaction of admiring and finding relief and consolation in his own production; and he ceased to breathe a few hours after.

Not quite an hour after his death, and even before the news of it was supposed to be known beyond the doors of the house, the unknown messenger was announced, demanding the MS. of the Requiem, imperfect as it was; it was of course delivered to him; and never since was he heard of, in spite of all inquiries, and of the wish publicly expressed by the family of the deceased, to know the name of this mysterious admirer of Mozart's genius. A considerable time elapsed; the Requiem was not published, nor any where performed; and the fear began to arise, that by the whim of some unknown enthusiast, this last masterpiece of Mozart might be lost to the public. Fortunately M.'s widow was able to find out the original and much corrected copy in M.'s own handwriting; and from this it was soon afterwards published. Mozart died in the night of the 5th Dec. 1791, in the 35th year of his age, universally lamented and admired

as a composer, as a man, and as a companion.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

M. Kaufman, an ingenious Mechanician of Dresden, has lately exhibited at Paris four new instruments of his invention: the *Belloneon*, the *Cordaulodion*, the *Harmonichorde*, and the *Automaton Trumpet*. It is unnecessary here to enquire, whether M. Kaufman has given to these instruments names conformable to the rules of etymology, which require that every syllable of a compound word should be derived from the same language. Our readers will, we are assured, pardon us for sacrificing this display of our erudition, and we will therefore proceed to give a description of these instruments, in which the sciences of mechanism and acoustics are combined together to produce the most agreeable effects.

The *Belloneon*, as its name indicates, is a warlike instrument, or rather a complete military band, by which marches and flourishes are executed with a degree of unity, precision, and correctness, which could not be obtained by the most practised artists. The fixed situation of the instruments, and the equal and unalterable distribution of the power of action, chiefly account for the superiority of this inanimate band.

In every great city throughout Germany, instruments may be met with, which bear a close resemblance to the *Cordaulodion*, and we have already heard one in Paris. The only difference consists in the degree of perfection, which is, without contradiction, in favor of M. Kaufman's instrument. The construction of the *Cordaulodion* resembles that of the piano-forte. It contains a flute and a flageolet stop, and the sound may be varied to any degree, either *crescendo* or *diminuendo*. Those persons who take a pleasure in depreciating all that deserves encouragement, will perhaps say, that the *Cordaulodion* is nothing more than the Barbary Organ extended and rendered perfect; one might as well compare the rude Shepherd's Pipe to Vuyt's Hautbois or Toulou's flute.

We have seen several Automaton Trumpets at Paris, and among others, that invented by M. Mæzel; the tone of which was astonishingly perfect. M. Kaufman's, however, is the first which ever played a distinct chord, or executed two parts at once, either by intervals of thirds or of fifths. We will not seek to divine the process, by means of which M. Kaufman has obtained this extraordinary result.

The *Harmonichorde* is beyond all doubt the most interesting of all M. Kaufman's instruments. The motion of the others is merely mechanical, whilst the *Harmonichorde* is a kind of *Celestial Piano*, the effect of which depends, in a great measure, on the skill of the performer who plays upon it. It is in fact the *Harmonica*, the tone of which is increased in power and extent without diminishing its purity. It is besides enriched by a bass of admirable expression, and nervous and sympathetic vibration, for its effect cannot be expressed by any other terms. On certain occasions,

the *Harmonichorde* would, if skillfully introduced, produce a wonderful impression in an orchestra.

The defect, or rather the disadvantage of this instrument is, that it can only be employed in executing pieces, the time of which is *andantissimo*. The vibration of sound continues extremely audible after the performer has raised his finger from the key; it is therefore necessary to avoid the mingling of one tone with another, and the confusion which would arise, if one note were sounded before another has ceased.

The happy selection of the pieces performed on the different instruments greatly contributed to the amusement which the ingenious inventions of Messrs. Kaufman afforded to the audience. The *Cordaulodion* executed several dancing airs, the subjects of which were original and pleasing.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday night last the comedy of the *Double Gallant*, by Colley Cibber, was revived at this theatre, and got up with the chief strength of the company. This play was first brought out at the commencement of the last century, when the wits of Queen Anne's reign had done much to purify the public taste from the coarseness introduced by the Court of Charles II. Even then the grossness of the plot and language excited so strong an opposition that it was withdrawn. After having undergone great alterations, and been freed from much offensive double and single meaning, it was again offered to the public in 1709. It then met with a tolerable reception, and continued an acting piece, until superseded by the refined taste of the age, about thirty years ago. JACK PALMER'S *Colonel Careless*; YOUNG BANNISTER'S *Atall*, and Sir Solomon Sadlife by PARSONS, are among our earliest dramatic recollections. The brilliant gaiety of Miss FARRER'S *Lady Sadlife* is, even now, before us. We noticed, on last Saturday night, that much of the broad points, which remained in the piece, when consigned to the shelf, were judiciously pruned; and we confess that too many still remain, which perhaps cannot be omitted, without an entire omission of the piece. In fact, too much of the plot is infected, to admit of a perfect cure. A gallant intriguing with three ladies, married and single; a coquette dallying with a brace of lovers; and a lady jilting a lover, by marrying him in disguise, as a foreign Prince; are amusing enough, where all ends in joining hands at the altar. Three weddings may atone, even in the eye of a fastidious audience, for a little female indiscretion, before the ceremony. But the whole of *Lady Sadlife*'s character rests upon unsafe ground. A wife openly contemning marriage; sallying into the park in quest of an adventure, with a heart unoccupied and a head full of mischievous speculation; planning assignments without passion; meeting her gallant in her own house without shame; and only prevented from guilt by caprice and the mere newness of the acquaintance, is a character too strongly marked for the present taste. We do not live in an age of puritanism; but the lightest of our fashionables—"assume a virtue, if they have it not." She has no one good quality to reconcile us to her defects; and, in the conclusion, the writer by a stroke of address, might have exhibited her in a new light, ashamed of her errors and reconciled to her duties. But he neglected this; and her disappointment and

confusion at the marriage of Atall with Silvia are no indication of a change in her mind. CIBBER merely studied to excite the surprise and merriment of the audience, by bustle, intrigue, and ludicrous situation, without being any way nice about the means. A great part of the effect is produced by an harlequinade; the trick of transformation played off by the several characters. HARLEY was successful in the part of Atall. In the assumed character of Colonel Standfast, he made love with the air of a veteran more accustomed to take hearts, than towns, by storm. He was, perhaps, less at home in the affected sobriety of Mr. Freeman. There was a smiling, agreeable impudence, in WALLACE'S Colonel Careless, which made the character his own. The transformation into Prince Alexander, was little more than a change of costume, and he went through that change with propriety. There is a constancy and passion in the character of Clerimont, for which PENLEY'S face and figure are unsuited. He gave it too evident a touch of the coxcomb. DOWTON did not throw into the features of Sir Solomon Sadlife as much humorous gesticulation as PARSONS used to do: nor was his by-play so rich in effort, especially in the chamber scene, when detected struggling with Wishwell; but his humour was more natural; and he was exceedingly laughable, in the frumps and fidgets of his jealous fever. Mrs. ALBOP performed Lady Dainty with deserved applause. Her improvement is manifest every time of her appearance. She may have some points which depend upon the full development of her powers to acquire; but she possesses the materials, and has no faults to correct. There is a good sense and good taste in her style; and her humour is arch and freakish without vulgarity. In this character, the sprightliness of her natural vein when she forgot her assumed illness, formed a delightful contrast to the variable whimsies of her affected maladies. In the third act there was an exquisite drollery in her look and tones when paying her rapturous compliments to the monkey and pagoda. The spirit of her Mother was embodied in this diverting scene. The gay and negligent effrontery of Mrs. DAVISON'S Lady Sadlife, could not have been surpassed by any dashing original in the great world. Silvia is merely a lady in love, without any striking trait in her character, and Mrs. ORGER did it justice. Mrs. MARDYN played CLARINDA in her usual pleasing manner. Her smiles, white teeth, and eloquent eyes, are always effective. We forget the character, but we cannot readily forget Mrs. Mardyn. She made a very delicate beau in male-attire, and drew her sword in the duel-scene with a Gads-my-life sort of valor, that might have shamed any mincing Hector in the vicinity of St. James's. Miss Kelly, in Wishwell, giggled and frisked with the vivacity of a privileged Waiting-Maid, deep in her mistress's secrets, and experienced in all the seven mysteries of intrigue. Her sly and roguish looks and motions were not lost upon the audience. She was received with long and repeated tributes of applause. The house was very full. The Comedy was well received; and the farce of "*Frightened to Death*," in which the actors laughed, the audience laughed, and, if the Author were present, he had the best reason of all to laugh, concluded the entertainments of the night.

COVENT GARDEN.

Cymbeline was performed on last Saturday night at this theatre to a crowded audience. We have, in a former paper, noticed the merits of the Actors in this Drama. Mr.

Booth, in the Wager-scene, was impressive and dignified without extravagance, and his chaste gesticulation in this scene, shows that it is in his own power to correct his too forcible gestures in other characters. He sometimes aims to produce by his face alone that effect which ought to be produced by the whole movement of his person. His face is finely marked: he possesses energies, and his action is spirited; but he must not abuse his features by pressing them into contortion. His Post-humous was received with deserved applause; and we earnestly hope the Managers will not do him and themselves so great an injustice, as to exhibit him again in the cold and inefficient play of the *CURFEW*. If he had the power to choose, we presume he would never appear in FITZHARDING.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

First representation of *Les deux Philibertes*, ou *Sagesse et Folie*, a Vaudeville in two acts, in imitation of *Les deux Philibertes*.

This piece is a counter-part to that of Mr. Picard; the authors have therefore styled it an imitation. If it were only necessary thus to work upon the ideas of others, the profession of a dramatic author would be easily exercised; all the world might write plays.

The two Philibertes are sisters: the eldest is a prudent economical young lady, possessing an ample fortune and residing in the *Place Royale*; the youngest is a giddy extravagant girl, whose head runs on nothing but balls, concerts, and first appearances. She cannot exist without an abundance of Cashmere shawls and diamonds, and has apartments in the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

The prudent Mademoiselle Philiberte is discovered discoursing with her respectable governess concerning her sister's errors, when a milliner calls to demand payment for a hat which the younger Philiberte had obtained on credit, by leaving the address of her elder sister. The latter pays for the hat with as much complaisance as M. Picard's Philibert discharges the bill which the *mauvais sujet* had caused to be presented to him.

The milliner is succeeded by M. Zephyr an old dancing-master who comes to give Mademoiselle Philiberte her lesson. M. Zephyr, it appears, is enchanted by the amiable qualities of his pupil, and has resolved to provide her with a husband. He observes "that he has already brought about several unions which would all have turned out happily, had it not been for those accidents which are the inseparable attendants of Hymen." He therefore proposes that Mademoiselle Philiberte shall give her hand in marriage to his neighbour, M. Fanfan Dujardin. M. Zephyr observes that though M. Fanfan is not many degrees removed from a simpleton, and may not have profited much from the instructions of his classical tutors, yet he has the most elegantly turned ankle in the world, and dances in a style of admirable perfection. Mademoiselle Philiberte has already become acquainted with this young man, who is not such a fool as M. Zephyr takes him to be, and a mutual attachment exists between them.

Zephyr communicates his design to Fanfan's papa. The latter wishes to see his son married, but observes—"Fanfan must have so good a wife—that I almost despair of

finding her." The good papa accepts with much satisfaction the proposal of the dancing-master, from whom he receives a brilliant eulogium of Mademoiselle Philiberte's good qualities.

Dujardin gives a ball at his country-house, in the *Faubourg Mont-martre*. He of course sends an invitation to the lady who is shortly to become his daughter-in-law. The card however falls into the hands of the younger Mademoiselle Philiberte who does not hesitate for a moment to accept of the invitation. On her arrival at M. Dujardin's she renders herself conspicuous by assuming the airs and manners of a romp. M. Dujardin introduces her to his son and desires her to see whether she can make a husband of him.

But the innocent Fanfan prefers the flying stag and many other games to matrimony, and does not feel much inclined to agree with his intended wife when she tells him that every thing must give way to her will.

Mademoiselle Philiberte commits so many extravagances that she is at length treated much in the same way as Philibert le mauvais sujet. M. Dujardin then reproaches Zephyr who is unable to comprehend what he means.

The well-behaved Mademoiselle Philiberte now arrives, though for what reason the audience are not informed, since she did not receive the card of invitation. The mistake is explained—The younger Philiberte who is as amiable as her model at the *Odion*, confesses her errors and praises the good qualities of her sister, and the latter becomes the wife of Fanfan.

This imitation was extremely well received by the audience.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MILAN, DATED MARCH 11.

If mine of the 7th reached you, you would find, that I was uncertain how to speak of the person bearing the title of Baron de Bergamo. I have since learned, that he was originally a courier, and was hired by the Princess of Wales in that capacity, at the usual wages. He is a tall, stout built man, but rather heavy in his appearance and manner. The Princess maintains, and doubtless is persuaded, that he is of a noble family, but that, having lost his property, he was compelled to become a servant. This explanation has occasioned some discussion here upon the propriety of the intimation from the Court of Vienna, forbidding him to wear the decorations of his orders; and the general conclusion, I find, is, that supposing the Princess to be rightly informed, still the Order of Malta, cannot be borne by any one who has been a menial servant. So much has the new Baron been a subject of conversation, that some of his supposed adventures have got into print here, in a poem

—the *Bergameide*—a liberty not often taken at Milan.

Soon after her Royal Highness's arrival here, the Austrian Prefect, or Governor, gave a grand ball in honour of her, to which she went in an *Eastern dress*, that excited much criticism.

The reason of the Princess's quitting Como was, that several of the inferior persons in her suite had frequent misunderstandings with the inhabitants of that town. Her Mameluke Guards in particular were greatly disliked, in consequence of the unceremoniousness of their manners to the female inhabitants. It is not unlikely, that violence would have ensued, had these persons remained in the neighbourhood. Her Royal Highness finding the dislike of the inhabitants increasing every day, and seeing it manifested, on some occasions, in a manner not to be mistaken, and even offensive to herself, thought it prudent to retire, and has expressed her determination never to return again.

A Paris paper says, that the Princess of Wales is shortly expected at Vienna. Her Royal Highness stays there a few days, and then proceeds to Odessa in one of the southern provinces of Russia, and after that to Constantinople.

Whilst the Princess of Wales is thus indulging in eccentricity, and courting notoriety, *s'affichant partout* as the French would call it, her amiable daughter is a model of dignified retirement, decent reserve, domestic virtue, and unassuming greatness. The order of her household, the punctuality of her payments, her patriotism and her popularity, well become one who ought to be a model for British matrons.

On Saturday the Prince Regent gave a grand entertainment to the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, at Carlton House, previous to their leaving England. There were present at the dinner party, to meet their Serene Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian, Netherlands, Saxon, French, Russian, and other foreign ambassadors and their ladies, the Cabinet Ministers, and the great Officers of State and the Household, to the number of thirty-eight. There was also a numerous evening party to meet their Serene Highnesses.

Our British and Scottish bards are now mute: we trust, however, that, with returning spring, the British lyre, the border lay, and the sweet harp of Erin, will breathe once more on our delighted ear. Campbell's silence we particularly regret:

it is a pity that one who writes so well, should write so seldom.

A *mauvais plaisant* being asked in what *measure* Lord Byron and Walter Scott excelled, answered—in *Iambics*!

The tragedy of Germanicus is already a dead letter. Of its merits and demerits so much has been said, and opinions so irreconcilable sported, that it would be endless to give them in detail. We were somewhat struck by the following lines which appear to have been unnoticed:

Plancina to Piso.

"J'ai pu jusqu'à ce jour, inséparable amie,
"Partager vos périls, mais non votre infamie!"

In death or danger, still thy friend I'd be,
Faithful in all—except in Infamy!

And again the concluding words of Germanicus:

"Puisseis les encor, pour consoler la terre,
"De la perte du bien que j'espérai lui faire."
Double their torture, not for my sad fate,
But for this outrage offered to the state,
Less for the laurels which this arm has won,
Than for the increasing good I might have done.

The propriety of suppressing this piece is evident to all parties; especially in order to keep down the struggles betwixt the Lily and the Violet, the two great contending parties, composed of emigrants and king's household opposed to the host of *semi-soldes* and the malecontents out of place. We were sorry to see young Fitz James's name in a quarrel arising out of this dramatic strife, he being a young man of most amiable manners and excellent reputation.

The Italian Adventurer who has been honored by the society of a certain illustrious personage, has given rise to much pleasantry in Paris. It has been asked by some foreigners of distinction who look down upon him—*Est il vraiment Comte?* and the answer made was—*C'est un Conte qu'on fait*—or *C'est un Conte pour rire*.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

REVIVAL OF TRADE.

We find in several country papers the most cheering accounts of the revival of commerce and manufactures. The Bristol Journal says—"We can state, from the best authority, that, during the last three weeks, a most sensible revival in the trade of this port has been experienced at the Custom-house, and amongst several of our merchants and manufacturers." The Edinburgh paper likewise says, the business of the Leith Custom-house has revived considerably of late, which indicates a corresponding improvement in the trade of the port. On Tuesday last no fewer than forty foreign entries were made at the Custom-house.—The Swansea paper congratulates its readers on the great increase of its commercial interests.—The Paddington Canal has of late had a great increase of business in bringing up hardware

from Birmingham; and the paper of that town, received yesterday, contains the following paragraph:—

"We are most happy to announce a circumstance which gives us every reason to hope that the sunshine of returning prosperity will speedily beam upon us. It is, well known to all in this part of the world, that the decline of the iron trade was the forerunner of all the commercial misfortunes we have felt and deplored; we trust that its revival will be the harbinger of future prosperity; and that our industrious and patient population will progressively experience the comforts of returning trade and employment. At a meeting of the iron masters at Dudley, on Monday last, it was resolved, 'That in consequence of the very great demand for iron, and its extreme scarcity, an advance of upwards of 15 per cent. be agreed upon. This, we flatter ourselves, is a good omen, and we hail it with joy and confidence.'"

CONSPIRACY AT MANCHESTER.

In that town and its vicinity, we lament to say, that there at this moment exists a most determined spirit of malignant and desperate disaffection, ready to burst out in acts of open insurrection. The official notice of the magistracy and police of Manchester states, in direct terms, that the town was to be attacked last Sunday night, by setting it on fire in various parts, and that certain people who were offensive to the conspirators were to be murdered. Saturday was therefore employed in endeavouring to discover some of the more desperate conspirators who were deepest in the plot, and against whom warrants for high treason had been issued. These wretches, however, being awed, no doubt, by the arrangements of the civil power, and by the demonstration of military force, kept out of the way. Some persons, however, were arrested, and have been brought up to London.—There appears also to have been a disturbance at Carlisle: but this, by having broken out and become conspicuous, is on that account the less alarming: it was in truth a riot and robbery: no overt acts of treason were committed.

FLIGHT OF COBBETT.

Cobbett has fled to the United States. He was to have sailed on Thursday from Liverpool, in the American ship *Importer*, for New York, and is probably at this moment on his passage to a country, where, to use his own language, he had formerly seen "piety give place to contempt of religion; plain-dealing exchanged for shuffling and fraud; universal confidence for universal distrust;" and from which he congratulated himself on returning to "the gentle sway of a British King," and pledged himself never more to quit his own "beloved country!" This pledge, like every other he had given throughout his public life, he has basely forfeited, and proved himself a recreant to the profession he has made, and to the principles he has advocated. Various rumours are afloat, not only with respect to the motives which led to Cobbett's self-deportation, but to the condition in which he has left his affairs. A professional friend is entrusted

with the sale of the Botley estate, which, however, is not expected to produce much. It is deeply mortgaged. Several claims have been preferred by unexpected creditors. It will be recollected, that Cobbett says, in his Farewell Address—"I carry nothing from my country, but my wife and my children;" and such, we are assured, is positively the fact. His debts exceed 10,000*l*. We are enabled to state, that he owes 3000*l*. to a worthy Baronet, whom he once called a *firebrand of Hell*! The resumption of his citizenship in the United States must, however, be assayed by the payment of a fine of 5000 dollars, to which he had been sentenced by the laws of that country, before he took refuge in England. His admirers in Liverpool gave out that he was going to join the Mexican or Venezuelan patriots. But Cobbett is a better judge than to place himself in harm's way. He deems it "unsafe to come within the wind of such commotion." His *forte* is to set other people by the ears, not to mingle himself in the fray.

INTERESTING INQUEST.

An Inquest was taken a few days since, before D. Green, Esq. Coroner of the Soke of Somersham, in Huntingdonshire, on a body found on the foregoing Saturday, in a small wood or coppice at Pidleay cum Feuton, near St. Ives, with a hat lying on its face, as if in a somnolent state, with its arms orderly folded across, forming a pillow for its head; but which, on a closer inspection, presented the most offensive and horrible spectacle imaginable. An empty, embowelled trunk, a skull bare, bleached, and discoloured from the neck, hands from the arms, arms from the shoulders, legs from the thighs—all having, from exposure to a summer's heat, a winter's cold, and the ravages of rapacious insects, animals, and birds, melted down and rotted asunder, leaving no traces of the once pleasing anxions being which animated them all. Neither were there letters, papers, or property of any kind (saving a silver hunting watch and two razors, cased), found upon the body; but by the initials "C. B." on a pocket handkerchief, and stocking top, and the aid of one witness, it was soon identified, and proved to be that of the late Charles Blake, aged 26, and recently the unfortunate occupant of a farm near Peterborough, from whence the pressure of the present times precipitately drove him, about 18 months since, to an obscure lodging at Huntingdon, which he wandered from early one morning in the month of May last, telling his host, with apparent cheerfulness, "That if he returned not to dinner, not to expect him until seen." Returning, however, no more, it was supposed he had fled to America, being never more seen or heard of until the sad day above mentioned, which discovered his remains on a well-known spot, part of an estate once fondly occupied by himself or family, and on the identical spot where a father had some years past similarly perished; and also a spot close to the residence of a beloved object, compelled on the very eve of marriage, to discard him; and a spot, where, alas! being obviously broken in fortune, bereft of all friends, and "crossed in hopeless love," it is most reasonably presumed, that, in the absence of all hope, and in a paroxysm of despair, he destroyed himself by laudanum, a small phial of which was found lying by his side.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN OF WILNA.

(From the *Chronique de Paris*, imprimée à Londres.)

I was at Wilna, without resource: I can however flatter myself with having done some good: it is not always wealth that procures that gratification.

As my health was not affected by so much trouble and fatigue, I was able to assist those, who, less fortunate than myself, had sunk under illness or the effects of the frost. An officer witnessing the attention I paid them, fancied I possessed so much sensibility that he might entrust me with a child that he had just taken up from the snow, at the moment when its parents perished.—“Take care of it, said he, you that are so good.” “I should most willingly but alas! I am quite destitute, what would you have me do with it?” “What you do with all these unfortunate beings, take care of it.” “My care cannot procure it the means of existence.” “It will comfort it, however,” said M. de P*** looking at me with expression; “we will unite in doing the little that is in our power.” It will be the widow’s mite,” said I. Every eye was filled with tears, when our little companion in misfortune was brought in. It was a beautiful little girl about two years and a half or three years old; she could speak very little. One of her feet was nearly frozen; I had already cured many people with a very simple remedy, the juice of potatoes; I employed it with her and succeeded in restoring her to health. The day she was committed to my charge, I went to the house of Marshal K***, I there met his son in law the Prince G***, “Do you know,” said I, “what has happened to me? You remember the play of ‘La Banqueroute du Savetier’ (the cobbler’s bankruptcy) at Brunet’s, who finds two children exposed at his door, while he is lamenting that he has not the means of supporting one of his own? Well that is just my history. As soon as I have no longer any thing for myself, I find a child to take care of.”—“How! a child!”—“Alas! yes, a lovely little creature found on the snow by a compassionate man, who brought it to me like a little bird.” The Prince laughed heartily.—“I must tell that to the Marshal, it will amuse him very much.”—“Yes, ’tis very pleasant; but have the goodness to tell me what I am to do with it and with myself.” “Come,” said he, “we shall see about it.” The marshal, who is one of the best men in the world, after having laughed at my adventure, gave me three hundred roubles; “Make use of this,” said he, “for the present, and we shall see what is to be done afterwards.” Prince G*** gave me two hundred, and I returned in great spirits to inform my friends of my good fortune. I employed myself in arranging the dress of my little Nadzda (which in the Russian language signifies destiny) and made her quite handsome to present to the marshal. A beautiful face always increases the interest one feels: happy are those who can turn it to the advantage of innocence or virtue in misfortune. It will easily be imagined that she was well received, and excited much interest. Every possible inquiry has been made in order to procure some information respecting her parents, but without success. It is to be presumed they were among the number of dead that surrounded her, and who had perished a very little while before from fatigue and hunger. The little dear was still breathing, it was an almost imperceptible movement that she made which induced the officer to dismount and wrap her in his fur. She was only benumbed with the cold, but the greatest management was necessary for some days in feeding her, for she had been forced to suffer like others, but in a

short time her little stomach was accustomed to bear food. I was greatly embarrassed about what I should do with her, when I should be obliged to travel, for my own life was so uncertain, and the winter so unusually severe, that it was impossible to carry her with me, and I neither could nor would abandon her. Prince G*** relieved me once more from this embarrassment: he was acquainted with a German woman, that was under obligations to him, and for whom he had obtained a passport to return to her own country—A female relation of mine was living in the same town, and the Prince assured me that this woman would undertake the charge of the child, and to place her in safety in the hands of my relation, with a letter from me desiring her to take care of her till my return. “We will pay her expences,” said he, “and I will be answerable for her.” She acquitted herself in short, of this commission, in the most satisfactory manner. At ease on this point, I kept her with me till the moment of her departure and of mine, and when the hour of separation arrived I experienced the most painful sensations; for children are at all times interesting; but how greatly does misfortune at that age add to our sympathy towards them!

Madame Fusil, 45 Dean Street, Subo.

THE CELEBRATED DOG MUNITO.

This animal shares, with *Madame Augot*, *Aureng-Zeb*, and *the Pic de Mouton*, the honour of attracting the notice of all the brilliant society of Paris. This learned dog, who holds his public sittings at the entrance of the *Cour des Fontaines*, can read, write, cast accounts, play at dominos, distinguish colours, and perform tricks with cards. The Norman *Gaspard* does not conceal the ace of spades with more dexterity than *Munito*; he has as much penetration in discerning colours as any of our political chemists; the frequenters of the *Café Dufls* are not more ready in distinguishing double sixes and double blanks; he adds, subtracts, and multiplies, with the rapidity of a *Barone* or a *Tarcaret*. Finally, this wonderful animal is as familiar with orthography and the rules of syntax as many of our manufacturers of melo-dramas, or authors of Vaudevilles.

The *Sieur Castelli*, the skilful instructor of *Munito*, declares, that in the education of his pupil, “he has uniformly adopted the precepts laid down by the wisest and most learned writers for the education of children; that he never either struck him, or spoke to him in anger; that he constantly employed a method which was progressive, systematic, and appropriated to his powers, and that by caresses and rewards, he induced him to do what he wished. Finally, by means of good management, *cheshnuts*, and kind treatment, he taught him and made him repeat daily all that he now knows.” Excepting the *cheshnuts*, which are not mentioned by philosophers in their principles of education, it may be said:

Le fameux chien Munito
Entend, lit, écrit et compte;
Au piquet, au domino,
Il efface Monsieur Comte,
S’il nous fait voir du nouveau,
C’est la faute de Rousseau;
Si son Maître l’éclaire,
C’est la faute de Voltaire.

Exclusive of *Munito*, we have learned horses and Canary-birds, stags who descend in para-

* This interesting historical fact written with a simplicity more desirable than art, is extracted from “*L’Encyclopédie de Moscou*,” a work now in the press.

† A character in a new comedy lately brought out in Paris, entitled *Les deux Gaspards*, of which we gave an account in a former Number.

chutes, apes who perform the military exercise, &c. &c. If this should continue, brutes will in time possess all wit, and men of wit degenerate to the level of brutes.

THE FRANKFORT IMPOSTOR.

An Impostor of a new description has been for some time past carrying on his trade at Frankfort, under various shapes. He steals sometimes into one house sometimes into another, (N. B. the doors of the houses are not fastened within during the day, only a bell is fastened to them to give notice when any one enters) bolts the street door, goes into the room where the family sit, complains of his fate and his misery, and then in a counterfeited paroxysm of wild despair, demands succour. To complete the tragedy, he draws forth a pistol, and threatens to put an end to his wretched life upon the spot, unless they will relieve him by their charity from his distressed situation. Several women whom he has visited in this manner have been thrown into the most dreadful fright. The police has been long in pursuit of him, but hitherto in vain. Several persons who seemed to answer the description, given of this adventurer have been arrested, but, the error being discovered, were of course immediately released.

GERMAN FECUNDITY.

In the village of Boennigheim, in Wurtemberg, there are in the parish church a great many tomb-stones some centuries old. One of these is in memory of Adam Stralzmanns, and his wife Barbara, whose union was blessed with a fecundity to which it would be hard to find a parallel, they having had together no less than fifty-three children, viz., thirty-eight boys and fifteen girls.

EFFECTS OF THE WEATHER IN SWITZERLAND.

All the accounts from our mountains as well as from Tyrol, bring melancholy news. The Aar has overflowed its banks between Langenthal and Lotzwyl, and done much damage.

In the Gadmthal four houses have been buried by the avalanches. In the village of Thon, in Glaris, a second avalanche has killed eight persons. Near Nelstall, in the same canton, immense falls of snow have swallowed up several farms. Thousands of trees have been thrown into the air to a great height. In the same village, two children have been killed. On the eighth another avalanche buried a woman and seven children. A man who is still alive, was carried to a great distance. On the 9th the snow still fell in abundance, and fresh disasters were feared.—(*Lausanne Gazette*, March 18.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE ELEGANT OF THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES COMPARED.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—Having read with much pleasure, in your Tenth Number, the characters admirably drawn of the ruffian, the exquisite, and the useful man of the present day, I have presumed to give you a slight sketch of the life and character of the *Elegant* of the 18th Century, and the species of personage who has taken his place in the 19th: finding the latter a little differing, or, as it were, a middle man, betwixt the ruffian and the exquisite.

The Elegant of the 18th Century.

Sprung from a stock of quality, our elegant bore some degree of nobility in feature and form; but from the scale of sinking, which had *even then* been going on for a century and more, he appeared like a bright polished coin, the impression of which was much effaced, and the intrinsic value greatly diminished; in a word, he was light, but very *passable*.

Beloved by his father, and indulged too much by his mother, he was not allowed to learn any laborious task; of course, his private tutor had orders to make him appear as decently without *trouble* as possible; and he accordingly used to write his theses, translate the authors in the dead languages, make Latin and other verses for him, nay, sometimes write a whole book in his name, which gained him the reputation of a classic, a poet, or a politician, according to the genius and bent of the Reverend Mr. so and so, who thus assisted his outset in life.

During his stay at the university, he generally acquired a taste for the sports of the field, for gaming, drinking, and horse-racing, and *often* excelled in many, *always* in some of these accomplishments. Idle as these habits might be, they did not however disqualify the sprig of quality from taking his degree, or from figuring in the *beau monde*, since the good tutor's assiduity always kept pace with his pupil's neglect, and thus made up his leeway.

At the expiration of his university *soi disant studies*, our elegant, having learned *enough*, and being a little in debt, My Lord, or Sir John, his father, sent him to make the tour of the most attractive parts of the Continent, accompanied by his Reverend friend, unless promoted in church preferment, or disgusted by the froward temper of his charge, in which case a second man of talent was found to varnish our *elegant*, to skim the cream of authors for him, to read to him at breakfast, and to keep him out of scrapes.

During the heir's residence on the Continent, it frequently occurred that the *juvenile* excesses of his papa's life induced gout, or decay, from various causes and of various kinds, and produced a premature death. My Lord or the Baronet now returned home, and occupied his allotted situation in the senate, or as a placeman at court. If in the former, his *fidus Achates* continued his services in return for patronage, and made his speeches for him so eloquently, that, *if not obliged to reply in the house*, he continued to pass for a man of high talent. If unconnected

with the legislature of his country, a host of foreigners, imported by him, directed his taste so exquisitely in painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, and the other fine arts, that, added to dancing, fencing, and speaking a foreign language or two, he was accounted a nobleman of universal knowledge and brilliant acquirements.

Amongst the elegant's good qualities were politeness, and a respect for the fair sex, mellowed by *usage du monde* and enhanced by natural humanity. Amid his vices, obstinacy in opinion, personal conceit, luxurious habits, and credulity, were most conspicuous. These last led him into many errors, whilst a contempt for all domestic prejudices, lax principle respecting religion, and a devotion to foreign manners, and foreign dependents, generally brought his estates to the hammer, and his other property to ruin.—Thousands expended on foreign cooks, valets, quacks, and artists—tens of thousands on opera dancers, singers, actresses, and fashionable mistresses—scores of thousands lost to titled and other foreign gamblers, with other large sums out of which he was duped for pictures, books, coins, and antiquities, generally reduced by the age of thirty his fortune to something worse than nothing.

Then, to redeem mortgages, pay off annuitants, rescue *seized* family plate and pictures, to defray the pension of four French and Italian ladies placed upon half-pay; to place six fiddlers and *useful* envoys on love missions on the retired list, to discharge a score and half of saucy discontented servants, and to keep up the establishment of Arabian horses, Spanish sheep, German musicians, Poodle dogs, Muscovy ducks, monkeys, parrots, &c., the *great man* formed alliance with the dwarf, hideous, blear-eyed, or deformed, vulgar daughter of a retail snuff shopman, a retired sloop-seller, or with the judaical *spes gregis* of an old clothesman turned money-lender; or, perchance, he disclosed his *flame* to a tallow-chandler's widow, or a great soap-boiler's natural child, with the view, however, of *washing his hands* of the business as soon as possible.

Here generally his grandmother, who was a Right Honorable, died of grief; his lady-mother, who was a banker or merchant's daughter, fell into fits for the degradation of the family; My Lord or Sir John fell in love with another man's wife, or eloped with a respectable neighbour's daughter, and either resided on the Continent for life, to avoid paying the heavy damages of a trial for *crim. con.*, or was shot through the *thorax* or *abdomen* and expired by the hand of a hot-brained

ensign in a marching regiment, or a half-pay lieutenant in the navy, brother to the unfortunate young lady. — *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

The Pseudo-Elegant of the 19th Century.

Produced on the *decline* of the 18th century, the modern elegant comes into what is *called* life in the commencement of the 19th, with which happy era he is identified, differing entirely from the age in which his father flourished, and which we may fairly call the *silver* age, being a *lighter* period than the *golden* one, when all was *sterling* in the character of a Briton. Since then, he has been *changed*, and has passed through so many hands that he is scarcely recognisable. The present age, (following the immortal Ovid,) we shall therefore consider as the age of *brass*, which is the one in which our pseudo-elegant shines.

The son of a Baronet and of a Jewess, his relations of both sides of the house are of divers ranks and appearances. He has as uncles and cousins—peers, knights, members of Parliament, admirals, generals, and opulent merchants; he has also cousins and half uncles who are brokers and sloop-sellers, tripe-shop and old-clothes-men, money-lenders and orange-venders, prize-fighters and menial servants. Amongst the former classes his relatives mostly *cut* him on account of the mis-alliance of his father; and, of the latter tribes, he *cuts* the whole, except one favoured money-broker, who was found a useful person, and who, beginning by *cousining* the great man, ended by being *cozened* by him.

A long minority made our buck extremely rich in ready money, besides the long and short annuities, the money out at interest on bond and mortgage, the shares in public works, the consols, and *reduced* three per cents, which stock the heir took good care to prove was by *name* and *nature* the same.

Born of a sickly habit, it was judged unwise to torment so great a man with useless learning; and he was taken from a public school to prevent his being bored with books. He was accordingly bred in the stable, and his first friends were John the coachman, and Dick Fig, the head groom: his first favorites were Jenny the chambermaid, and a pointer bitch. The two former taught him to ride, drive, drink purl and porter, and to spit through his teeth like a butcher: of the learning which he gained from the two latter, we can say nothing; but he rewarded their services by ruining the one, and by selling the other for sixty guineas after telling a number of fabulous histories respecting her pedigree and

good qualities, about which he knew just as little as about his own.

For a short time our elegant was sent to the university; but he proved his spirit by getting expelled for thrashing a proctor, and returned *naturally* to the kennel and stable. When of age, he found an immensity of his property anticipated—not by being duped like his father, or by foreign habits of sumptuous expense, but, by having sixty horses, twenty couple of hounds, fifteen other dogs, ten carriages, and two female slaves, (for such he made them) to grace his triumphs in the sporting field. Moreover he was a bad accountant; and although he was always quarrelling with his servants about their charges, yet the latter continually made head against him. Besides the interest on long-winded bills, life insurance, long credit, and the two hundred per cent *justly* due to fashionable tradespeople, ran up to an enormous extent.

Thus he was ushered into fashionable society, and belonged to all the clubs, at every one of which, from the four-horse club, downwards, he played his part, being *thoroughly accomplished* in the dress of a coachman, in the variety of his *costumes*, in the knowledge of all games, in the making up a horse and selling him unsound or otherwise for six times his value, and often for ten times what he paid for him, in doing a flat if he came in his way, in slighting his superiors, in buying every thing, and never overpaying for it, in knowing every *throw over*, and in being let into every good thing *that's going*, in always winning when tossing up, or hiding the horse for a dinner and a dozen of Champagne, in knowing the best horse, the best bottomed man, and the best fighting cock in every match, in coming too late for dinner, laughing at the deepest scene in a tragedy, appearing drunk at the opera, damning the box-keepers, milling his grooms, treating women with indecent familiarity, bringing his *dogs* into *company*, and his *company* often to the *dogs*, despising all religion, and turning day into night, saving himself and making others drunk, hoaxing a parson or a man of letters, disputing his bills, entering into expensive lawsuits, seeing attorneys, making friends with all the bailiffs, knowing all the horse-dealers and frail sisterhood by name, and finally in finishing his fortune without one generous act by the age of twenty-five;—then, coming the *chancellor* for a while, looking at France to abuse it, returning, after selling his town and country mansions, shooting-boxes, &c., to the most expensive hotel, failing in getting married from over cupidity, trying to defeat

his creditors by various manœuvres, and, to conclude his noble career—going into the Bench, and doing them all:—after which he may start again as fresh as a four-year old, give a grand dinner to his old associates who stamp his character for a prime fellow, and live the rest of his days on the experience which he has acquired.

P. S. When writing the foregoing history, it was suggested to us by an *elderly* gentleman, that the deterioration in the manners of the present generation arises from a long continued habit amongst our nobility and gentry of breeding *downwards*. Thence, this present age of brass is called the era of counterfeit nobles and gentlemen; but although a cross in breeding has been strongly recommended by cattle-dealers, yet the Ethiopian cross, (often introduced for the love of the mammon of unrighteousness,) the stable,* and the pantry cross, cannot possibly be an improvement; and these last cast such strong suspicions on one side of the question, that we are not surprised at the habits and propensities of young men of fashion, and only fear that the character of Lucretia has vanished with the golden age.

DRIVING IN PARIS.

CÆSAR, Pompey, Cicero, and Lucullus, who of all the men of antiquity were most devoted to pomp and magnificence, and whose stewards were probably persons of much higher consideration than the greatest nobleman of modern Europe—all these men proceeded humbly on foot through the streets of ancient Rome, and would have dreaded causing the least inconvenience to the meanest of their compatriots. In Paris, however, the opulent portion of the citizens have usurped the right of splashing and trampling on the rest of the nations.

The mania for being dragged about and renouncing the salutary use of the feet, has gained ground in modern Rome as in all other great capitals. Carriages are as numerous there as in other places; yet the horses proceed at a slow and peaceful rate, and afford the pedestrians time and means of ensuring their safety. The streets of Paris, on the contrary, resemble so many race-courses where prizes are lost and won. A courtier wishing to present himself first at the levee; a *petit-maitre* who is driving about his brilliant curricule, without any object, or a money-lender who has jumped from the back to the inside of the carriage, disperse, in their rapid courses, showers of filthy water and mud upon the clothes of a multitude of useful and virtuous citizens.

The effects of the mud of Paris are well known.—A Gascon once observed, that it occasioned two great inconveniences; first, that it produced black spots upon white stock-

* Evident by the taste and appearance of the breed.

ings; and secondly, white spots upon black ones.—Insolent coachmen never deign in the least degree to slacken their pace when they see persons in danger, but content themselves with exclaiming in the most revolting tone of voice: *gare, gare!* If the unfortunate pedestrian should happen to be an old man, and consequently not extremely nimble, a lame person, a convalescent, or one who is afflicted with deafness or absence of mind, he is run down and trampled on like a vile reptile unworthy to retard for one moment the rapid drive of their important masters. Even physicians, who possess so many means of destroying the human race with impunity, resort to this mode of rendering their profession the more murderous. The carriage of a celebrated physician lately passed over a child in one of the streets of Paris.

How happens it that an abuse, the effects of which are frequently so fatal, has never yet drawn forth the animadversion of the police of Paris? It is surprising that no law has yet been made for prescribing to those whom opulence enables to enjoy the luxury of carriages, to drive at a pace more humane and attended with less danger to others. The people are forced to regret those times, not very remote, when the Chancellor rode upon his mule, and the First President, in letting one of his farms, stipulated that the tenant should every Sunday send his cart, filled with clean straw, to the Castle, to conduct *Madame la Presidente* to mass. O tempora! O mores!

Some will, perhaps, be ill-humored enough to allege, that these are the reflexions of a man who is compelled to go on foot: this is the fact; they are the reflexions of a philosopher; but they would never have been drawn forth had justice and humanity suggested them to people who keep equipages.

FRENCH MANNERS,

(*Mœurs Françaises.*)

The lively author of the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, the *Franc Parleur*, and the *Hermite de la Guyanne*, the subject of which was the manners of the French metropolis, has now resolved to give similar sketches of the manners of the provinces, each of which with the general features of national resemblance, has also besides its own characteristic physiognomy. The place with which he has chosen to commence this new series of his miscellany is Bourdeaux. We shall give from time to time some of his sketches on manners, which may suit the plan and the limits of our paper.

BOURDEAUX.—I know not what place should be assigned to Bourdeaux, among the three great cities in France, which dispute with each other the first rank after the capital; but I think I may affirm that (except Constantinople) there is none in Europe which presents a more charming and striking appearance than Bourdeaux does, when you approach by the Bastide. Bourdeaux is built in the form of a half circle on the fine river Garonne, which forms exactly the chord of an immense arch, which the eye embraces at one view in all its magnificence. This city was particularly favoured by the Romans, who built here a magnificent temple to the tutelary Gods, of which we have remains; and some centuries afterwards, the *Palais Galien* the ruins of which (the only ones worthy of attention) have much resemblance to the amphitheatre at Nîmes; but are not in such good preservation.

As for modern edifices the only remarkable ones, I believe, are the *Theatre*, the finest in Europe, considered as a monument of architecture; the *Archiepiscopal Palace*, a fine building with a magnificent garden containing a very great quantity of valuable plants and trees: this is now the royal residence of the French princes when they are at Bourdeaux; the *Exchange*; some churches, of which *St. Andrews* the cathedral, is the finest; the *Moulin des Chartrons*, the erection of which cost enormous sums, but which is now so dilapidated as to be of no use. It is with this hydraulic machine as with that of Marly, it would cost less to build it anew than to repair it.

The genius of the Arts perhaps never conceived a bolder undertaking than that of the *Pont de la Bastide*, which is at this moment executing at Bourdeaux. The possibility of throwing a bridge over a river so broad and rapid as the Garonne is at this place, has long been a subject of controversy; at present it is no longer doubtful: the third pier is up, and the first two have already stood trials they might have been supposed unable to go through. Ten years uninterrupted labour will scarcely suffice to finish this magnificent work, the expence of which cannot be estimated at less than 20 millions.

The promenades of Bourdeaux are not answerable either to the size or the external beauty of the city. The public garden, called also the *Champ de Mars*, is a melancholy arid spot and but little frequented. The *Allées de Tourny* (which for the rest have nothing remarkable) are in the fine season the rendezvous of the most brilliant company, who make a point of coming here, (as in Paris to the Boulevard de Gand) to enjoy ennui and the dust.

The environs as far as one can judge in winter do not afford an indemnity for the poverty of the promenades. Except a pretty large space called *Centre deux mers*, between the Garonne and the Dordogne, where there are fine situations and some wooded hills, all the rest of the country is flat and arid. The soil is almost wholly reserved for the cultivation of vines, the immense produce of which annually reminds the proprietors of what they gain by sacrificing nothing to ornament.

The *Chapeau Rouge* and the *Chatrons* are incomparably the two finest and two richest quarters of the city: the latter, situated beyond the *Chateau trompette*, is chiefly inhabited by families of foreign extraction, the most of whom have been settled there for two or three generations: of this number are the families of Vanhemert, of Wustembert, of Macarthy, of Johnston and of Patterson. These houses, and some others of *Chapeau Rouge*, which are more anciently French, compose what is called *Le haut commerce*, that is a class of merchants still more respectable for their probity than their riches.

From time immemorial there has existed between the inhabitants of the *Chapeau Rouge* and those of the *Chatrons* a rivalry in which the women of course act the first part. When they are to meet at a fête, or ball, you may depend on their exerting all their efforts to outdo each other in dress, grace and beauty, the expence of which is generously provided for by the fathers and husbands. In this struggle, where victory is often uncertain, the *Chatrons* generally obtain the prize of splendor; the *Chapeau Rouge* of elegance.

In direct opposition to these two celebrated quarters, may be placed that of the Jews, situated at the other extremity of the city, and of which the street *Bouhant* forms the greatest part. The Jews of Bourdeaux are distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants, with whom they have no intercourse, by the long features of the

face, by their complexion, their accent, and an habitual uncleanness which is not always confined to their dress. The Jewish tradesmen in the street *Bouhant*, are constantly at the door of their shops to watch for customers; they are not contented with merely inviting them to enter, but press and persecute them in so urgent a manner, that one is sometimes obliged to use force to get out of their hands. Among the Jews of Bourdeaux there are several families who are very rich, such as the Rabats, the Gradis, and some well-informed men, at the head of whom public opinion places Mr. Furtado.

The Gascon patois is here in general use among the lower class of people, and persons of good education are consequently obliged to understand and speak it. Hence a great number of popular expressions have been insensibly introduced into the language of good company, which they have at last corrupted. One might form a whole volume of these words which are merely of local use, and which no apology assists one to comprehend. It is, however, but just to confess that these local expressions, are met with (in the higher classes,) more frequently in the mouths of the men than of the women, who being for the most part educated at Paris, express themselves with elegance and without the least accent.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Friday, 28th March, 1817.

The Irish Laws execution Bill, and the Irish Arms Bill were read a first time.

The Naval Officers Pay Bill, and Cochineal Bill were read a second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Friday, 28th March, 1817.

Petitions from the Wool-growers at Winchelsea, complaining of the facilities afforded to the importation of Foreign Wool, and praying for the protection of the House; from James Hargrave, a collier in the neighbourhood of Carlton House, stating, that for the purpose of making the New Street, he had been dispossessed of a stall, and praying for some compensation for the good will of his trade; and from the merchants, householders, and other inhabitants of the royal burgh of Dundee and its vicinity, complaining of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and of the Trial by Jury, and also of the foul and base assertions which had been so industriously propagated that a conspiracy existed in Scotland for overthrowing the government, were read and ordered to lie on the table.

The Irish Grand Jury Presentment Bill was read a second time.

On the order of the day for the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the Seditious Assembly Bill, the clause prohibiting all meetings in Palace Yard during the sitting of Parliament or of the Courts of Justice, underwent a discussion of some length, when the House divided, and there were for it . . . 113
Against it 30

Majority . . . 83

All the other amendments of the Lords were adopted, except one, which contained a pecuniary penalty, on which it was determined to hold a conference with the Lords, and which was fixed for to-morrow.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Saturday, March 29, 1817.

The Irish Laws execution Bill and Irish Arms Bill were read a second time.

The Naval Officers Pay Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Royal assent was given to the Exchequer Bills Bill, the Exchequer Court Proceedings Bill, the Bar Iron Exportation Bill, the Northampton Court Houses Bill, two road Bills, an enclosure Bill and a naturalization Bill.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Saturday, March 29, 1817.

A Petition, signed by the gentry, clergy, and freeholders of the township of Leigh and its neighbourhood, in the county of Lancaster, expressing the surprise of the petitioners at certain petitions which had been presented to the House, praying for Reform in the representation &c. &c. and totally disdaining the sentiments contained in those petitions, was read and ordered to lie on the table.

A conference was held with the Lords on the amendments made to their Lordships' amendments on the Seditious Meetings Bill, which their Lordships agreed to.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Monday, March 31, 1817.

The Cochineal and Indigo Bill, and the Russia Leather Importation Bill were read a third time and passed.

The Royal assent was given to the Seditious Meetings Prevention, and the Naval Officers Half Pay Bills.

The House then adjourned to Wednesday fortnight.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March 31, 1817.

A Petition from Mr. Brookes, of High Street, Bloomsbury, complaining of having been taken into custody on a charge of felony, because he had kept in his hands a forged Bank of England Note, with a view of recovering his loss from the party who paid it to him. He had been thus severely treated, torn from his family, and rendered subject to an imputation the most prejudicial to his business, though he had offered to concur with the Bank in any measures for the conviction of the real offender, and though the Note had been stamped with the word "forged," was read and ordered to lie on the table.

The Rock Salt Duty Bill was read a first time.

The House then adjourned to Monday fortnight.

POLITICS.

THE state of South America has, during the present week, been brought before the public in a variety of ways; and as we know of no subject more worthy of our notice, we shall here briefly consider it.

The progress of liberty in this section of the western world is confirmed by many circumstances—by the profound and long-continued silence of the Madrid Gazette, respecting the affairs of Mexico, on the one hand; and by the bulletins of the Independent Armies, on the other:—by the general flight of the Mexican Spaniards to Cuba and Jamaica; and by the uncontradicted success of Bolivar near Barcelona, and the progress of the Patriots to the capital of Caracas. Thus it is probable, that the arms of liberty will soon triumph over the largest expedition with which Spain has endeavoured to maintain the cruel conquest of Cortes and Pizarro; that,

that empire, over which her blood-stained flag has waved for more than three centuries, will soon be broken in pieces; that an immense mass of human mind will be emancipated; and that the best interests of humanity will be extensively vindicated.

The incalculable commercial advantages which the independence of Spanish America would instantly throw open to Britain, are perfectly obvious. We must not, however, permit ourselves to be actuated by such motives, where considerations so much more noble present themselves. We feel, therefore, unfeigned respect for the conduct of our ministry in this,—that they sacrifice all peculiar advantages to a strict and honorable neutrality between the parent state and her colonies.

This honorable neutrality, however, has been imputed, by some, to a love of legitimacy—of the divine right of kings—of the right of sovereigns to obedience, prior to, and independent of, the right of people to protection! Such an imputation is doubtless calumnious. The British Constitution acknowledges no such rights; and he would be guilty of treason who should espouse them, since he would deny the right of our present sovereign to occupy the throne—a right which was triumphantly established on the wreck of legitimacy and of the divine right of kings.

The office of mediation between Spain and her colonies, has been by some assigned to our government. Such a supposition is absurd. The colonies never will again submit to Spanish despotism: Spain never will voluntarily resign them: the power, therefore, which should mediate in such a case must conquer either Spain or her colonies; and the British government is too enlightened to engage in the conquest of either.

Nowhere, certainly, is a more interesting or more noble scene presented than in the struggle of the Southern Americans. With a widely diffused population, destitute of proper equipments, and inevitably deficient in unity of design, they fight under every possible disadvantage. Nothing good, however, was ever easily got. We are therefore no enemies to the war which they wage. It will rouse the genius of the sluggish colonist and slumbering native.

—Palmas qui meruit ferat!

The notoriety of the proposal of Lord Cochrane to visit these transatlantic scenes, naturally leads us to the following observations respecting him.

As there is no man in Britain who does not owe to the hero of Basque Roads,

all the gratitude which is due to him who risks his life and achieves a triumph for his country, and, as in one to whom public gratitude is due the public has a deep interest, (we had almost said, an absolute property,) the feeling excited in the breast of all liberal and good men when Lord Cochrane committed his first unfortunate error, was one of violated confidence, of insulted attachment, of indignant friendship, of almost implicated degradation, by the voluntary and thoughtless self-degradation of a man with whom one of their most honourable achievements was identified.

That history will eternally uphold Lord Cochrane's claim to British gratitude, that she will with one hand identify him and his countrymen in the record of one brave and brilliant achievement, while with the other she throws a dark shadow over the image of their pride—these are considerations calculated only to increase public regret and to aggravate public indignation.—Happily, France, and the friends of France, will blend both in one common hatred: and what Englishman, in a foreign land, will not then scorn the recollection of a mean and paltry transaction, in order to remember, to cherish, and to honor the day when Lord Cochrane and his countrymen, in behalf of British rights, bared their breasts for a dangerous and desperate encounter?—What Englishman will then meanly check the thrill of joy, or stifle the shout of triumph, or withhold unmeasured gratitude to ALL who nerved their arms, and shed their blood, and tore from France the laurel in so fierce and brave a combat?

It is, we are convinced, the mixed sentiment which we have here endeavoured to express, which has so divided public opinion with reference to Lord Cochrane.

The soldier's or the sailor's mind, is little calculated to endure the slightest degradation, though even it may thoughtlessly or rudely or recklessly have earned it. Nurtured in firm opposition, and fierce contest, it foolishly identifies difficulty and danger with proud daring, or personal duty, and sometimes proves its courage, as madly as unnecessarily, by plunging deeper in universally deprecated error—deeper even because danger forbids it.

Assuredly nothing is more lamentable than the perversion of such energies; nor do we more regret any thing than that Lord Cochrane should, under any circumstances, have subsequently associated himself with men who are Anti-British in every sentiment, who seek to retrieve

their desperate fortunes by public distress, and who sculk as the basest cowards while they "tread the verge of treason." Assuredly also perseverance in such association would render any man deservedly an object of hatred, and would irresistibly compel us to sink all recollections of public desert in sentiments of public danger.

We rejoice, therefore, that Lord Cochrane embarks in the cause of South American independence, and that Sir Robert Wilson accompanies him. Such strongly constructed and unquiet minds are necessary to the progress of human affairs. It is no less necessary that these energies should be expended. Nor can they be expended more worthily than in adventurous life and fortune for the extension of the liberties of mankind. Let, then, these brave men remember, that it is in such countries (to use the language of Machiavelli) "Che, per la povertà, non ti sarà impedita la via a qualunque grado, et a qualunque honore."—there "*consulatus premium virtutis non sanguinis!*"

No continental intelligence of much importance has transpired during the week.—Brussels Papers inform us that religious differences no longer prevent the people of Flanders from acknowledging the authority of the sovereign, and that the refractory Bishop of Ghent has fled into France.—The Hamburg mail says that the Session of the *Prussian Council of State* was to be opened towards the end of last month, when it would frame first a system of finance and then a constitution for Prussia.—The same mail gives an imperfect account of a conspiracy against the meritorious *Crown Prince of Sweden*. If the Swedes feel no gratitude to this man, they are very worthless.—Spain and Portugal, say the French Papers, still dispute respecting Olivenza.—Turkey is threatened with an attack from Persia, and has in Egypt to contend with a rebellious Pacha.—The United States pay unremitting attention to the increase of their navy and naval depots.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The learned Danish Philologist Rask, is at present at Stockholm: a periodical publication says of him, "After he has, by nearly a three years' residence in Iceland, made himself perfectly acquainted with that Island, with its low smoky apartments, from which came the Gods of Wallhalla, and having then ascended the snow-crowned icy mountains, from the warm springs of which the hot Mead of Odin was formerly brewed, he has set out on a new pilgrimage, and will proceed through Sweden and Prussia to Mount Caucasus, there to study the languages which have so great a similitude to the old Northern languages, and are perhaps derived with them from one common source."

The Rev. James Kirton's Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the year 1678, is printing under the superintendence of Mr. C. K. Sharpe, with Notes, and a Memoir of the Author, in a 4to. volume, illustrated by engravings.

Mr. F. Bailey will soon publish a new and enlarged edition of his *Chart of History*, including the changes of territory occasioned by the late treaty.

The Club, in a dialogue between a father and a son, by James Puckle, is printing from the edition of 1711, with numerous engravings on wood, in royal octavo.

The Fifth Part of Sir William Dugdale's History of St. Paul's Cathedral, with considerable additions, by Henry Ellis, Esq. will be published in a few days; and the Sixth Part, which will complete the work, and contain engravings of all the monuments, is expected to be ready in June.

By accounts in the public papers from St. Petersburg it appears that Kotzebue has returned to Germany, in order to transmit to the Russian Administration, occasional accounts of the progress of literature and science. It is said that he intends to take his residence in Weimar, where he cannot fail to have sufficient means of literary observation.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Sir,—In a former Number of your Paper, p. 43, I find it stated, that the French Philosophical Class of the Royal Institute have resolved to leave the world in the dark respecting their exertions during the past year. Not knowing whence this statement is derived, I cannot directly controvert it; but I apprehend it to be founded in some mistake, and that this class, like the other classes of that learned body, has been some years in arrears, and must therefore publish several volumes before it comes to the transactions of last year. However, I embrace this opportunity of sending you a sketch (which indeed cannot be much more than a table of Contents) of what the Institute has already done, as far as my information reaches, towards bringing up its memoirs to the present time.

H. E. L.

MEMOIRS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE. CLASS OF HISTORY AND ANCIENT LITERATURE. VOL. 1 and 2.

While obstacles, continually renewed, hindered the publication of its Memoirs, this Class of the Institute did not relax in the assiduous prosecution of the useful labours bequeathed to it by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, to which it succeeded, and whose name, illustrated by such glorious recollections, it has resumed. These obstacles have been at length removed, and two volumes have been published containing a part of the history and the memoirs of this society from its creation to 1811, and will be followed by two others. According to the distinction adopted in the collection of the academy of Belles Lettres, these two volumes are composed of two parts; one containing, under the title of History, faithful extracts from Memoirs, which it has not been judged proper to insert at length, and notices on the lives and works of deceased academicians. The second part, which is the most important, contains entire, those Memoirs to which the Academy has granted this honorable distinction. Both parts are highly interesting.

The first and most important extracts in Vol. 1. are the *Researches on the Geography of the Ancients*, by M. Gosselin, which complete the long series of the labours of the same author, on all the coasts of the ocean known and described by the ancients. The coasts here reviewed, are those of the Persian Gulph, Gedrosia, and India, to the remotest point visited by the ancient navigators. Then the western and northern coasts of Europe, i. e. Iberia, Gaul, Germany, the Cimbric Chersonesus, Scythia, or European Sarmatia, and lastly the British Islands. M. G.'s labours lead to two important and remarkable conclusions: first, that the ancients had methods of observation more correct than has been believed; and secondly, that the extent of their geographical knowledge was confined within much narrower limits than have hitherto been allowed. The general map added to this extract, renders this result very striking.

M. Mongez has explained some inscriptions found near Lyons, and has also a dissertation on the theatrical masks of the ancients.

M. Visconti has restored and explained two Greek inscriptions.

After these is the inscription of Cyrenæ, discovered by Mr. Lenke, who communicated the fac-simile of the original to the Academy.

The memoirs of M. Levesque and M. Larcher, respecting the foundation of Rome, are highly interesting and ingenious—the one denying, the other affirming, the authenticity of the Roman history. The question seems undecided between the two learned academicians. M. Levesque's second memoir is equally ingenious and learned: to this M. Larcher has not yet replied; and till it is completely refuted, we may say with Horace, "Adhuc sub judice lis est."

M. Petit-Radel has a memoir on the foundation of Argos.

Besides the erudite memoir on the foundation of Rome, M. Larcher has two others: one, of 142 pages in 4to., is a dissertation on the Phoenix, a most ingenious, learned, and important essay. The last memoir is to prove, that the haraigue of Demosthenes in answer to the letter of Philip, is not the work of that orator. Though M. Larcher gives reasons enough to render his opinion probable, yet the proofs he has adduced seem either too confined in their own nature, or not sufficiently developed by him. A singular omission, (noticed even by the French critics themselves) is, that though M. L. quotes with praise the dissertation of Markland to prove four Orations of Cicero supposititious, he has not noticed the celebrated dissertation of Bentley on the Letters of Phalaris, which were the first example, and have remained the model of this species of criticism; nor, though most of his arguments seem borrowed from Bentley, does he once mention the name of that distinguished critic.

A most interesting and important Memoir of M. Quatremère de Quincy raises from its ruins one of the finest monuments of Grecian Doric Architecture. The temple of Olympian Jupiter at Agrigento, which has long subsisted only in the records of history, and whose ruins in vain attested its existence on the spot which still exhibits them, re-appears here, with its primitive ordonnance, and in its true proportions. The remaining fragments, compared and combined by a skilful and unerring hand, have served to rebuild it. But this is not all; the Memoir of M. Quatremère has produced an important revolution in the whole history of Greek architecture.

M. de Sainte-Croix has a long and learned Memoir on the history of the Princes of Caria, particularly Mausolus, and on the fate of the famous monument called after his name.

M. Silvestre de Sacy has three Memoirs. 1. On three inscriptions of Kirmanschah or Bisutoun. The author who attempted to explain these inscriptions formerly, after a very faulty and defective copy (at that time the only one) having been enabled by new and better copies to correct his former ideas, has with rare modesty explained the defects of his own work, before giving to the public the result of a better investigation. 2. Proposes numerous rectifications of Arabic inscriptions recorded in Murphy's Travels, and in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Lisbon. 3. Is a most important Memoir on the right of landed property in Egypt. This is to be followed by two others which will complete the whole plan. The author has adopted an antichronological order, desiring to ascend from the time when the system of administration in Egypt is best known to us, to those for which the materials are fewer and less accessible. This part embraces the period from the conquest of Egypt by Selim I. to the French invasion. The other two parts will complete the history of the right of landed property in Egypt, from the Arabian conquest to the establishment of the Ottoman dominion.

Count Choiseul Gouffier has an elegant Memoir on the origin of the Thracian Bosphorus.

M. Abbé Garnier has restored to its true author a treatise published among the works of Aristotle. This is a treatise on Rhetoric, very different from that by the philosopher of Stagira, the authenticity of which has never been questioned. This other treatise has come down to us under the title of Rhetoric to Alexander, and is preceded by an epistle to that prince. It being impossible to attribute it to Aristotle, most critics have hitherto ascribed it to Anaximenes of Samos; but M. Garnier has adopted a more probable opinion, that it is by Corax of Syracuse, who gave lessons on oratory in that city before Greece had any celebrated orators. We may therefore flatter ourselves with possessing the original work in which were laid the first foundations of the art of rhetoric, at a period when this word was not even invented.—An enquiry of the same author into some works of the Stoic Panætius, which have long been lost, is less interesting.

The History which precedes these Memoirs, is a part of the literary history of our age; of which it will form one of the most curious and interesting ornaments. Should the details appear dry to some persons, they will be amply indemnified by M. Dacier's notices on the academicians deceased during the period, the history of which he writes. The names of David Leroy, D. Polier Bouchaud, Klopstock, the Abbé Garnier, Villouison, excite of themselves a degree of interest which their worthy historian has increased. But among all these notices, that of Klopstock deserves to be particularly mentioned. To appreciate justly the beauties and defects of the author of the *Messias*, was of itself a difficult task: the Germans themselves confess that they have nothing in their own language, upon this subject, equal to the essay of M. Dacier. The learned secretary has taken a larger view of his subject. He has interwoven with it considerations on the nature of the epic in general, and remarks full of ingenuity and taste on the principal epic poems, both ancient and modern, which thus render this essay, equally distinguished by profound thought and elegance of style, one of the most curious and brilliant in this rich collection of the *Eloges* of M. Dacier.

MEMOIRS OF THE CLASS OF THE MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES. 425 pp. 4to. one plate.

This volume printed in 1816, bears the date 1812, but most of the Memoirs are of a much more recent epoch. This highly interesting volume contains—a memoir by M. Poisson on the Vibrations of Elastic Surfaces: a report on the Vaccine, by Mess. Berthollet, Percy, and Hallé; a memoir by M. Gay-Lussac on the Jode: a memoir by M. Ramond on the observations on the Barometer, Thermometer, and State of the Air, made for seven successive years at Clermont-Ferrand: a short memoir by M. Palisot de Beauvois on Cyprean Plants: add three memoirs on Light, by M. Biot. This volume is terminated by the history of the Class for 1812. The Mathematical part is drawn up by M. Delambre, and the Physical by M. Cuvier. There are also historical notices concerning Malus and Lagrange, by M. Delambre.

OXFORD.—The only graduations at this university were those of Bachelor of Divinity, conferred upon Rev. H. Wetherall, of University, grand compounder; and Rev. A. C. Howman, M. A. of Queen's, Cambridge, ad eundem.

CAMBRIDGE.—The degree of D. D. has been conferred on Rev. C. Beshell, King's, Dean of Chichester. Honorary degrees of M. A. are granted to Sir T. J. Palmer, Bart. St. John's; Hon. W. Annesley, St. Peter's; and G. W. St. John, Jesus.

Incepted M. A. Reva. R. Pretyman, Trinity; H. Wilkinson, Fellow of St. John's; G. Pearson, do.; J. Bullen, do.; W. Moleworth, do.; F. W. Lodington, Fellow of Clare Hall; T. Shelford, do. Corpus Christi; T. D. Atkinson, do. Queen's; C. Henley, Pembroke; R. Crawley, Fellow of Magdalen; C. Townshend, Emmanuel; and R. N. Adams, Sidney; also H. V. Elliot, Fellow of Trinity; R. Gwatkin, do. St. John's; J. W. Whitaker, do. do.; E. Rogers, do. Caius; G. Millet, do. Christ; J. Croft, do. do.; W. Ceril, do. Magdalen; and B. Michell, do. Emmanuel; J. Lodge, C. Ingle, E. Ryan, Trinity.

Bachelors of Civil Law, Rev. E. B. Vardon, Clare; and Mr. R. Wardell, Trinity.

B. A. E. Dodson, Trinity; F. D. Lempriere, and E. R. Earle, of Christ's.

The election of Foundation Fellows of St. John's has fallen upon Messrs. T. Salway, W. White, R. Twopenny, W. Aet, J. T. Austin, H. H. Hughes, Bachelors of Arts of that society.

Mr. B. P. Bell, B. A. of Christ's, has been elected Fellow of that society, on the foundation of Sirs J. Finch, and T. Baines.

Messrs. H. Waddington and F. Goole, of Trinity, are elected scholars on Dr. Bell's foundation.

PORSON PRIZE.—The Revs. C. Burney and J. C. Banks, trustees of a certain fund appropriated to the use of the late Professor Porson during his life, have transferred to the University of Cambridge £400 navy 5 per cent. stock, the interest of which is annually to be employed in the purchase of a book or books, to be given to the resident Under-graduate who shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse.

The passage fixed upon for the present year, is the Second Part of *Iliad* IV. act iii. scene 1. beginning with "O! sleep," and ending with "Deny it to a King."